

1918

The Window, 1918

National Kindergarten and Elementary College

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THE WINDOW

Emma Heintzelmann 1918

378.1542

N277y2

Vol. 3

1918

c. 3



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Emily Jane Jenkins
 Jerseyville, Ill.
 and I use some of your
 canned meat for sealing was, Emma!

Ruth Hadden
 344 Sheridan Ave.
 Whiting, Ind.
 I am glad to hear
 from you.



Autographs.

Julia Haas.
 1622 E 1st Street
 Portmouth, O. Ho.
 Don't forget your
 Annie. I hope you
 have all the success and
 happiness in the world.

"Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning
 the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed."
 —CICERO.

Oranthy Urban - Arena Wisconsin.

Margaret Klingbeek, Loveland, Colorado.

Ellen Erskine Waukegan, Ill.

Ruth Hadden 344 Sheridan Ave, Whiting, Ind.

Cecile H. Schulz, Flagstaff, Arizona

Katherine Pearce, Waukegan, Ill

Dear Emma: I thank you ever so much
 for showing me your "hol" side.

Bobbing for apples.
 If you don't take
 care to draw in
 the line, the apples
 will be forwarded.

William Edwards: 19
 Mary Ann Hammon
 River Forest, Ill.

James Holland
 Tall City, Mo.
 William L. Linn
 sec. 1
 Perry, Ind.



Autographs.

Ada Juliette Chubb
 Dwight, Ill.
 17

Miss L. L. Linn
 Tall City, Mo.
 Ruby Patton
 Taylor, W.
 Waco, Texas

Clarissa R. Bacon, Fremont, Nebraska.

Lucile Haeger
 La Grange, Ill.
 204 S. 7th Ave

Lillian Hoyle
 303 Cedar Ave
 Escanaba Michigan.

Her days spent in South House
 were short but sweet.

Anne Williams: "your first cadet, don't forget."

Edna Brunell-

Kayant Texas

Nate Sawyer, Pontiac, Michigan

Alice Piper - Jerome, Idaho.

Barbara L. Linn - River Forest, Ill.

Mabel K. Linn, Boomer, Okla.

Photo made
 1554 Wesley Ave
 Evanston, Ill.
 "A fine Mother's Day
 Teacher!"



THE WINDOW

VOLUME THREE

OF THE

YEAR BOOK

OF THE

NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN
AND ELEMENTARY
COLLEGE



NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTEEN

TO
MISS HARRISON
AND
MISS BAKER

WHOSE LIVES WILL EVER BE AN
INSPIRATION TO THE GIRLS
OF N. K. E. C.
THIS BOOK IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED

A Toast

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below each staff. The first staff has a fermata over the first measure. The second staff has a fermata over the last measure. The third staff has a fermata over the last measure.

N. K. E. C. . Here's to our Col-lege ! We who be-long to it

Ren-der a song to it. Long may it stand. Here's to the name of it

Long may the fame of it Ring o'er the land !



Freda Gardner



Mildred McCullough



Edna Dean Baker



Grace Montague



Clara Zander



Mary Aves



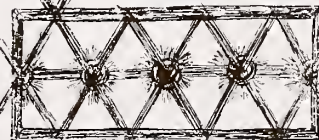
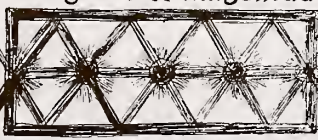
Margaret Hollingshead



Willmina Townes



Marian McAdow



CZ

C

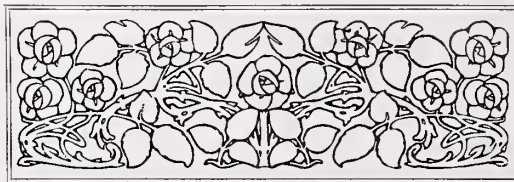


FOREWORD



THE WINDOW—the symbol of our profession, which bids us look in upon our individual lives and tune them into harmony with the big universal life outside, so that we may draw little children also to the open window and reveal to them the glory and beauty of the world.

This is the message of The Window—our College Annual. Look in through it and you will see again your College days of 1918—days of work and play and inspiration. Look out through it and perhaps you will catch a glimpse of what the future may hold in store; and may others who turn its pages share with us in some measure the joy of happy recollections.





ELIZABETH HARRISON
PRESIDENT
PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION

The Faculty



EDNA DEAN BAKER

Assistant to the President

METHODS AND CURRICULA

MRS. LILLIAN GRAY JARVIE

Secretary



Lillian Gray Jarvie



MABEL KEARNS

Registrar



Belle Woodson.

BELLE WOODSON

PSYCHOLOGY, LITERATURE, ARCHITECTURE



ANNE GOODWIN WILLIAMS

MOTHER PLAY, CHILD STUDY, FROEBELIAN
LITERATURE



Jessie Davis

JESSIE DAVIS

PSYCHOLOGY, HANDWORK, NATURE STUDY



MRS. PHILEMON B. KOHLSAAT

THEORY OF MUSIC, CHILDREN'S SONGS,
CHORUS SINGING

Caroline Kohlsaatt

GRACE HEMINGWAY

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, THE ART OF
STORY TELLING, ENGLISH FORM
AND DICTION



FRANCIS MARION ARNOLD

INTERPRETATION OF MUSIC, INTERPRETATION
OF ART, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC





PROF. LOUIS C. MONIN

HISTORY OF EDUCATION
COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY

(Dean of the Faculty, Armour Institute of
Technology)



CAROLINE HEDGER, M. D.

HYGIENE, EUGENICS, EXAMINING PHYSICIAN



G. LOUISE SCHAFFNER

PRINCIPLES OF DESIGN

(Director, Fullerton School of Art, Chicago)



DR. CLARA SCHMITT
PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY
(Child Study Department of the Chicago Public
Schools)



CHRISTINE HEINIG
Normal Instructor in Handwork

Christine Heinig



FRANCES McELROY
Normal Instructor in Psychology

- Sarah Meseroll Supervisor of Practice Schools
Sarah Meseroll
 Georgia McClellan Gift and other Play Materials
- Margaret Farrar Theory and Practice of Games
- Edith McLaughlin Theory and Methods of Primary Education
 (Critic Teacher, Parker Practice of the Chicago Normal)
- Etta M. Mount Physical Expression, Folk Dancing
 (Joint Director, Columbia Normal School of Physical Expression)
- Walter Raleigh Miller Gardening
 (Francis W. Parker School, Chicago)
- Maude Knowlton Domestic Science
 (School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago)



MRS. ALICE SHELLENBERGER

Dean of the Halls

Mrs. Alice Shellenberger

HELEN B. HILL

Preceptress of Elizabeth House



Helen B. Hill



MARY WILLIAMS

Preceptress of South House



President Gladys Petit

Vice-President Leona Proudfit

Secretary } Evaline Ray
Treasurer }

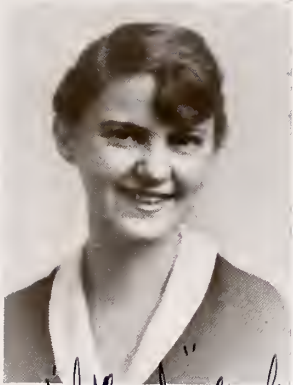
Colors Black and Gold

Flower Ward Rose

Motto "Live to Learn, and Learn to Live"

Seniors

" 'Tis pleasant sure to see
One's name in print."
—Byron.



GLADYS MAY PETIT
"Glad"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Having ideas

OCC: Getting other people to carry them out

"But that which fairest is but few behold—
Her mind, adorned with virtues manifold."
—Spencer.

"To the 12 o'clock girl from the
9 o'clock town."
LEONA PROUDFIT
"Shorty"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Sunshine

OCC: Trying to decide whether to teach
first or not

"But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart."
—Rogers.



Leona
Best wishes
for a happy
future.



EVALINE ANNABELLE RAY
"Ev"

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Sociability

OCC: Dancing—When not otherwise
occupied

"I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air,
But more than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care."
—Milman.

"Ev"
Emma your the
best little kid I
know and I'm
awful glad I met
you"



Freda Gardner

JULIET FREDA GARDNER

"Fredy"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Charm

OCC: Camping on trail of Annual contributors

*"With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."*

—Cowper.

HARRIET GENEVIEVE HUSTON

"Gen"

PARIS, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Her charming voice

OCC: Looking for a knife in the kitchen

*"Above all of a golden temper, and steadfast
as an anchor."—Lessing.*



"Gen"

BERNICE MABEL KINSLOE

"Bern"

BURLINGTON, IOWA

GIFT: The gab

OCC: Using it on or about a certain young man

*"And when once the young heart of a maiden is
stolen,*

The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

—Moore.



*Much Love
Bernice*



JUANITA MARGARET McGRUER

"Nita"

LANGDON, NORTH DAKOTA

GIFT: Of making a good impression

OCC: Fulfilling same

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."—Shakespeare.

Juanita M. McGruer

CAROLYN RUTH WINTERSTEEN

"Rufus"

FREMONT, NEBRASKA

GIFT: Originality

OCC: Playing for Assemblies

*"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."*

—Shakespeare.



*Ruth Wintersteen
Our sympathy
in success*



ELIZABETH LANG FERGUSON

"Beth"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Calmness

OCC: Trying to make up her mind to join a
teachers' agency

*"It seems that Nature has concealed at the
bottom of her mind talents and abilities of which
she is not aware."—La Rochefoucauld.*

Elizabeth L. Ferguson.

LULU BERTHA CARR

"Lu"

PORTLAND, OREGON

GIFT: Remembering assignments

OCC: Reminding others of same

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

—Gay.



*Lulu Carr
1918*



EDNA MATHILDA THULIN

"Ed"

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Good looks

OCC: Obliging Cora

*"The beautiful are never desolate
But someone always loves them."*

—Bailey.

*"Ed"
Orr*

EMMA KATHERINE HEINZELMANN

"Heinie"

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

GIFT: Getting a corner on Dexter and
Garlick

OCC: Worrying over lessons

"A full mind must have talk."

—Mathews.





ANNA GRACE MONTAGUE

"Gracious"

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

GIFT: Cleverness

OCC: Exhibiting it

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end
on't."*

—Hill.

OLIVE MACY ROBERTS

"Bob"

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

GIFT: Brains

OCC: Earning A+'s

"Good actions crown themselves."

—Heath.



Olive Roberts

Special Students

*M. Williams
Dallas, Texas.*



MARY WILLIAMS

"Mamie"

DALLAS, TEXAS

GIFT: Speaking before the public
OCC: Looking after South House invalids
and delinquents

*"She is so full of pleasant anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in her wit,
Time vanishes before her as she speaks."*

—Baillie.

HELEN RAY

"Helen"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Holding her tongue
OCC: Memorizing debates

*"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."*

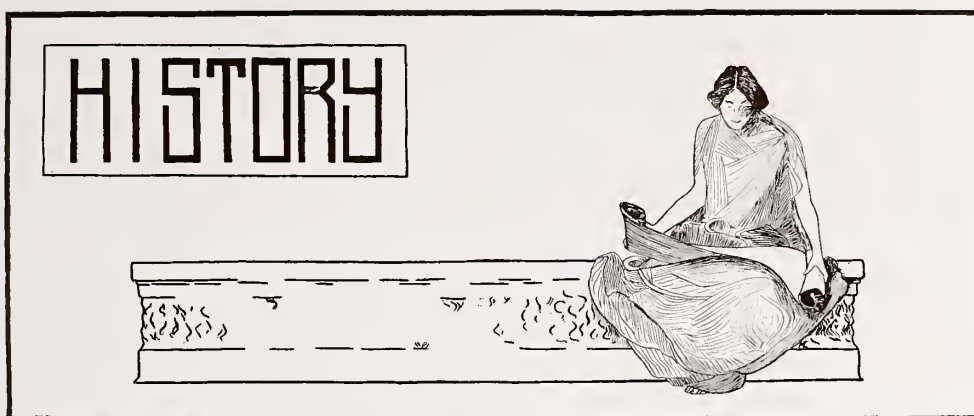
—Shakespeare.



Helen Ray

*"And what is writ, is writ,
Would it were worthier."*

—Byron.



Senior Class History

“**H**OW shall I begin to write the history of the Class of 1918?” was the question I asked myself when the task was allotted to me. “Why, that’s easy,” said I, “just apply the Psychosis and your problem is solved.” The more I thought of this plan the more I liked it; so here follows the Senior Class history:

First Stage—Freshman Year, 1915-1916

Officers: President, Juanita McGruer

Secretary-Treasurer, Helen Fickle

In September, 1915, about seventy-five girls entered the National Kindergarten College with mingled feelings of awe and delight. At that we had arrived at the wonderful place where we were to spend two and perhaps three years. We were kindly greeted by teachers and students alike, and it was not long before we felt quite at home. The Senior and Junior Classes both entertained us and the Faculty and Alumnae gave parties for the entire student body. We were initiated into the secrets of Gift and Occupation, and took up the struggle of the Psychosis. Of course, we entertained, too, for we had a dance to which the whole school was invited.

The year sped by and we soon found ourselves in the month of May, busy practicing for the Spring Festival—a Shakespearian Pageant. There were also Game Days and a Song Festival, in which all the girls took part. The first week in June brought graduation, when each of the Freshmen was presented with a certificate of one year’s satisfactory work.

Now comes the second period of unrest and struggle—the Junior year may truly be designated thus.

Second Stage—Junior Year, 1916-1917
Officers: President, Caroline Mangelsdorf
Vice-President, Juanita McGruer
Secretary-Treasurer, Emilie Seery

We were all very glad to enter school again in the Fall of 1916 as Juniors. Sad to say there were some who were not able to return, but those of us who did nearly hugged each other to death for joy. Many of the studies we had begun as Freshmen were continued in our Junior year, and new ones were added. In practice teaching we now had much more responsibility and were constantly gaining new power in handling kindergarten situations. Besides all our school work, we were telling stories on Saturdays to the children in the settlements and nurseries of Chicago. After months of strenuous work graduation time rolled around again, bringing with it another Concert, another Children's Party, and Old English Spring Festival and Commencement. How proud we were on that day to present to our College a beautiful silk flag. This time our diplomas certified that we were qualified to be directors of kindergartens.

Third Stage—Senior Year, 1917-1918
Officers: President, Gladys Petit
Vice-President, Leona Proudfit
Secretary-Treasurer, Evaline Ray

Now we are in the Senior year, sixteen strong, and as happy as larks. Of course, we have had to work hard, but we have a higher motive in teaching, because we have a wider viewpoint of the kindergarten world. We started the year by welcoming the new Freshmen and making them feel at home, remembering our own lonesome first days. This has been a splendid year, and as we look back I think we will wonder how so many fine things could happen in such a short time. Perhaps the happiest of all was our part in presenting to the College a \$500 Liberty Loan Bond at Easter time. The value of this bond only can be estimated when it is considered that every girl who contributed to the fund denied herself some of the girlish pleasures of life in order to do so.

The Senior Class has enjoyed working with the Freshmen in Gift, Mother Play and Occupation. Dr. Monin's class in Comparative Psychology was also enjoyed to the utmost, and we noticed that certain members of the Faculty had a habit of creeping in to these lectures. All we can say is: "Actions speak louder than words!" This year the Seniors had to launch the Assemblies and it was with considerable trembling and quaking that we finally accomplished that feat. And now the third year is drawing to a close. There will be one more Concert, one more Children's Party, one more Pageant, and then one more graduation for the girls of '18, but you may rest assured we go forth loyal daughters of our dear Alma Mater.

GLADYS PETIT.

Senior Assemblies

FOR their first Assembly the Seniors used the "Kitchen Symphony Orchestra," which has brought them no end of honor. To enlighten you, I will say the kitchen suite is an advance over the chamber music familiar to most of our readers.

The conductor, Monsieur Bingbangbini, presented three absolutely satisfying virtuosi in the persons of Madame Squealem Squakem, coloratura soprano; Mademoiselle Zymbolicalle, violinist, and Monsieur Hupinkoff, cellist.

In spite of the foreign appearance of the artists, their Herald assures me they are loyal Americans, and the audience appreciated the fact that all vocal numbers were rendered in English.

It will be interesting to note that the instrument used by Mademoiselle is of uncertain date, but was obtained in Grease—which probably accounts for the melting tones produced by the artist.

By special request, the Orchestra has agreed to repeat its program at a church entertainment on the South Side. Those who were unfortunate in missing the first performance may avail themselves of this opportunity, which Monsieur Bingbangbini assures us will again include the eloquent orations of Miss Ima Simp and the alphabetical utterances of Prof. Heeza Ph. O. O. L. as well as the solo dance by Miss Flipper Flopper, of the Follies.

The complete program is as follows:

"Over There"—Encore, "Some Sunday Morning"
Full Orchestra

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground"—Duet—violin and 'cello
Mlle. Zymbolocalle and M. Hupinkoff

Oration on Corn
Miss Ima Simp, Food Conversationalist

"Good-bye, Broadway — Hello, France"
Orchestra

Vocal Number—Mme. Squealem Squakem and Male Quartet

Scotch Dance—Miss Flipper Flopper (of the Follies)

Oration
Prof. Heeza Ph. O. O. L.

Grand Finale—"They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me"
Orchestra

Our second Assembly was very different in character. Through the co-operation of Mrs. Kohlsaas, we were fortunate in securing Mrs. Samuel Wright, who addressed the school on "The Speaking Voice." Mrs. Wright is one of the leading authorities on the voice in this country. Suffice it to say that then and there a resolution was born in the heart of every one of her listeners, which said: "I **will** learn to speak like that; I **won't** shriek and squeal any more and ruin my vocal chords." Mrs. Kohlsaas, as we all know, believes in backing up a good resolution by putting it into practice right away. I wonder if she has been studying Strayer and Norsworthy's Psychology, for she loses no opportunity of cultivating in us the "beautiful voice" habit. You wouldn't believe what an exquisite sound it is possible to make out of that prosaic unlucky number 13, but—it **can** be done. Mrs. Wright said that a beautiful speaking voice does not necessarily mean a good singing voice, and vice versa—but she proved that sometimes it does happen. Yes—she sang to us (though she had not intended to when she came)

"Sun-touched clouds that sail on high,
Tree-top songsters spilling joy,
Rainbow's arching color glow,
Brook's pellucid cooling flow,
Beauty's soul to mine it brings,
And they are one the while she sings."

But the thing we liked most about Mrs. Wright was her charming personality. We liked her and she liked us (yes, she said so!), and we were heartily congratulated on this Assembly.

The third and last Assembly opened with the singing of "America," in which the class was joined by the entire school.

Reports on current events followed, when Miss Woodson explained the Thrift Stamp plan. She was loyally supported by a clever "Stamp" Chorus from the Senior Class.

A group of lullabies was then presented. They were chosen with rare good taste, and were very artistically rendered.

"Sweet and Low" was followed by two rote songs of charming simplicity, and "Go to Sleep, My Dusky Baby," proved an interesting number. Possibly the rarest treat came in Genevieve Huston's singing of Kriesler's "Lullaby," with Ruth Wintersteen at the piano.

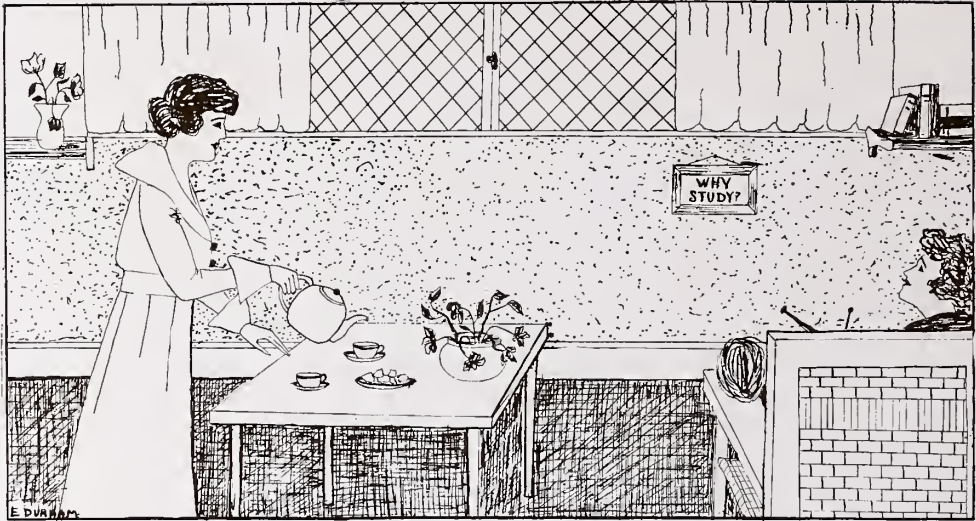
At the conclusion of the last Lullaby, the program ended with all singing happily together "Our N. K. C."

MARY WILLIAMS.

SENIOR HORRIBLESCOPE

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Gladys Petit	"Glad"	"Oh, you poor nut!"	Her gestures	Not seeing the motion through	The girl who likes to run things	To be a leading woman	Congress
Leona Proudfit	"Shorty"	"Uh-huh!"	Smiling	Men	The girl with the diamond	To make a certain man happy	Same
Evaline Ray	"Ev"	"Have a heart"	Making speeches	She's positively frivolous	"The good-natured one"	To be the wife of a good man	Same
Freda Gardner	"Fredy"	"Simply ripping! Let's put it in the Annual"	We can't decide which is her strongest	Being late for class	Always interviewing faculty members	To cross the Big Water	To orate with an English accent on American Democracy to French orphans
Bernice Kinsloe	"Bern"	"Oh, translate my letter for me!"	Self-expression	Meeting "Reese"	Usually as a Freshman	To belong to the clergy	Same, perhaps
Genevieve Huston...	"Gen"	"Are you going home on the L?"	Singing	Waiting for Freda	The curly-haired one	To teach sub-normal children	A second Montessori
Edna Thulin	"Ed"	"Oh, boy!"	Looking stylish	Cora	That pretty girl	To marry happily	Attainment of her ambition
Emma Heinzelmann.	"Heinie"	"Where do we go from here?"	Looking wise	Getting into scraps	Eating pie without a spoon	She won't tell	It's impossible to say
Juanita McGruer....	"Nita"	"I say, woman!"	The fighting instinct	Leap-frog	"That good-looking Senior"	Not known to anyone	A mystery
Grace Montague.....	"Gracious"	"Subscribe for the Annual now!"	Advertising	A minus quantity	That friend of Mary Collins	Attainment of the third stage of the Psychosis	A business career
Ruth Wintersteen...	"Rufus"	"Don't you think so?"	Helping Student Fellowship	It's not debates, you know	The friendly one	To get a good salary	Never to attain her ambition
Elizabeth Ferguson..	"Beth"	"What's our next class?"	Keeping her opinions to herself	Joining the agency	She's absolutely unassuming	To be one of the N. K. E. C. faculty	Marriage
Lulu Carr.....	"Lu"	"Hello, there! How are you?"	Humming	Her hair	On time for everything	To be Principal of an exclusive Private School	Same
Helen Ray.....	Just "Helen"	"O!"	Looking dignified	Hard to find	The quiet one	Nobody knows	A home of her own
Olive Roberts.....	"Senior 13"	"Listen here!"	Listening	Talking	The new one	To see the world	To stay at home
Mary Williams.....	"Mamie"	"Oh, dear, no!"	Her accent	Climbing fire escapes	"Isn't she the dearest thing?"	To get back to Dallas	Something remarkable

Junior Class.



Class Officers

President	Frances Saxe
Vice-President	Helen Cutler
Secretary	Emma McConaughy
Treasurer	Zella Taylor
Colors	Lavender and White
Flower	Sweet Pea
Motto	"Deeds, not words"



Junior History

TIS said that truth is stranger than fiction, so we must tell the truth. We were a motley crew of pop-eyed Freshmen, who gathered in the College Hall that September day in '16, and we had a many-colored vision of what it meant to be a kindergartner. After a few side glances at the Seniors and Juniors, we decided that they were not such a bad lot, and we set ourselves to the task of being initiated into the mysteries of Mother-Play, Gift, Occupation, and sundry other foreign-sounding subjects. It was not long before we put on a wise expression to suit our discovery of that often-quoted and wise saying that "unity, separation and return exist in all things."

The first few days of life meant chiefly the instinct of investigation, days when the tremendous "purpose" of all at N. K. E. C. was slowly but surely being indelibly printed on our hearts, and was challenging us to greater effort and achievement. Surely this is no ordinary professional school! What girl among us has not felt the grip of that enthusiasm surge over her, leaving in its wake an indefinable something that meant a greater understanding with the power to hold fast to an ideal?

During our Freshman year Betty Crebs was at the helm, and we fear we gave her very little rest, for as a class we have the happy faculty of keeping people guessing; but Betty seemed to hold up under the strain, and though she perhaps did not gain in weight, she most certainly gained in the admiration which we all feel for her.

Miss McElroy has helped us keep on the straight, and sometimes narrow, path, and although she seems one of us in years, she has the mighty problem of being our Faculty advisor. She is just as smiling and happy as ever, though, so we assume that she is not overwhelmed with her task despite her size.

With December came our first cadeting days, and who will forget the fear and trembling with which we hastened to our various kindergartens, with mighty resolutions, but with timid step? And the first time we took charge of games or told a story! What a tremendous moment when forty pairs of wide-open eyes were first turned to us for leadership! How trifling that incident seems now, but how tragically important then! We have gotten over the panicky fright of those times, but each day brings a wider interest and a deeper intelligence in the thing we have chosen to do.

The winter passed all too quickly, and in June we whispered many promises to write often—and came back Juniors!

At once we took up our task as a moral force in the world by educating the Freshmen, a deep and serious problem. The Dorm. Freshmen, however, were well-behaved and obeyed their Junior superiors in such small matters as darning stockings, winding yarn and dusting.

Frances Saxe has been on duty as Class President this year, and between school work, knitting, Red Cross classes, and more knitting, our days have been filled to the brim. Despite the task of heavy work, we all seem rather to enjoy it, and are gaining in weight rather than losing. It's really very hard to convince friends how busy you are when the scales refuse to verify your statement!

Spring! A whole winter gone and we must leave our kindergartens and come in to College for morning classes. We shall soon have the privilege of going out and proving to Miss Harrison and all our Faculty that the ideals with which we have been entrusted, the finest and noblest that life has to offer, have not been given us in vain. We must not and cannot betray that trust, for it is we who are to carry on the torch which has been kindled for the world, and we must not forget to make it blaze brighter in the carrying.

—FRANCES SAXE.

Junior Assemblies

THE Junior Assemblies opened with a poem of welcome. The first day the subject was "Patchwork Quilts." Through the kindness of Dr. Gunsaulus and Mrs. Hodge, in bringing to us a large collection of old patchwork quilts, we were transferred into the atmosphere of the simple, happy days of our quaint little grandmothers. "Love's Old Sweet Song" was sung by two of the girls, changed to sweet ladies with silver hair and old-fashioned dresses that scented of "lavender and old lace." An old subject was made new to us through a reading on "Patchwork Quilts," by Virginia Rollwage. Dr. Gunsaulus told us how the old-time "Quilting Bees" were a bond of union among the people, and how the history of these people was preserved in the patchwork quilts. Mrs. Hodge, from her wealth of knowledge, explained the making of the quilts and the meaning of the varied patterns. This ended our first assembly, and we went away with a new appreciation and broader sympathy for the grandmothers who made patchwork quilts and danced the minuet.

At our second assembly, given March 20th, a comedy, called "Mr. Bob," was presented. An interesting character was Miss Rebecca Luke—a maiden lady who fills her house with cats, very much to the disgust of her niece, Katherine Rogers, and her nephew, Philip Royson. But great as is her love for cats, she is willing to be without them on condition that Philip gives up boat-racing, which he agrees to do. The next part of the play shows a very tangled state of affairs. Philip mistakes Robert Brown—clerk of Benson & Benson—who comes to the house on business, for "Bob," a friend whom Katherine said was coming to visit her. "Bob," who is in reality a very pretty girl named Marion Bryant, mistakes Mr. Brown for Philip, while Katherine supposes him to be an acquaintance of Philip's. Embarrassing and bewildering mistakes are made before Mr. Brown's true identity is revealed. Patty, the maid, whose ambition it is to become a ballet dancer, and "go on the stage," is aware of the mixed up state of affairs and confides in her admirer—Jenkins, the butler. Marion proceeds to win a race with Philip's yacht and Philip is surprised, and delighted to find that "Bob" is the young lady whom he had fallen in love with the summer before. The only logical conclusion was what did occur—"Bob" consented to marry Philip, and Patty to marry Jenkins.

For the last assembly, a program consisting of readings, interspersed with vocal and instrumental selections, was given. There was a poem called "Angelina Johnson," given in the soft, beguiling southern accent, by one of our southern girls. This was followed by a vocal solo, then a reading called, "A Mathematical Problem." The conclusion of the program was the telling of Kipling's story, "The Cat That Walked By Himself."

Our Junior Assemblies were under the direction of Betty Crebs, who planned them with the idea of individual participation in something worth while.

Emma McConaughy.

JUNIOR HORRIBLESCOPE

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Mildred Adams	"Hap"	Too awful to repeat	Yelling	Trying to find a happy medium	Always pretty	To be good looking	A woman without a care
Bernice Alexander...	"Baby"	"My friend from Miss Church's School of Art"	Giving advice	Talking	Losing something	Artist	Illustrating temperance lectures
Elizabeth Anderson..	"Beth"	"Yes, girly, dear"	She keeps it to herself	Not talking	Smiling	Actress	Rival of Mme Pétrova
Elleen Armstrong...	"Boots"	"Say, ki-ad!"	Gossiping	Talking about Boots	Looking dreamy	Heart-breaker	Piano player at 5 & 10c store
Mary Aves	"Tiny"	"What? I got A +?"	Looking innocent	Miss Mary Williams	Small, but—good	To be tall	Somebody's darling
Ruth Axford	"Ruthie"	"But I'm just that way"	Study before pleasure	Giggling	Eating	To be tall and queenly	Opera singer
Clarissa Bacon	"Clare"	"O, we had the loveliest time"	Art	Dancing	Chasing soldiers	To get a "man"	Dancing teacher
Dorothy Bischoff	"Bisch"	"Good gracious, Anna Bell!"	Good nature	Cheese sandwiches	Doing something for somebody	To be an ideal kindergartner	Clothing model
Cora Bowdish	"Just Cora"	"Please hurry we'll miss the car"	Edna	Length	With a milk bottle	To sit in Edna's pocket	The "Follies"
Alice Brown	"Brownie"	"Well, I don't know what to do"	Taking care of Aunt's baby	Worrying	Explaining	To weigh 200	Suffragette
Gladys Campbell....	"Glad"	"Well, that's all right with me"	Her sighs	Crinkled hair	Very calm	To be slender like a sapling	Writing commentaries for Snider
Edith Chellis	"Chellie"	"I'm from New Hampshire"	Working hard	Her apartment	Pronouncing "a" as in "father"	To be dean of a girl's college	Post-mistress
Emily Coe	"Coe"	"Did you get that?"	Sweet smile	Eating lollypops	In her shell	To be popular	Ticket-seller at Palm Beach
Lillian Cohen	"Lily"	In Kg.: "Haven't you a handkerchief?"	Tidiness	Finding her way around in her home town	Looking wise	To be someone important	Psychologist
Elizabeth Crebs	"Betty"	"Girls, I'm going to get up to-morrow"	Visiting camps	Chocolate peppermints	With a soldier	To sing like Mrs. Kohlsaot	Home for abused animals
Sadie Cooper	"Sade"	"Lil' pink, where are you going?"	Exuberance	Tomato soup	Eating pickles	To be like Miss McClellan	Happy, though married

JUNIOR HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Mary Creedon.....	"Creed"	"O, I had the most thrilling time"	Entertaining men	Dancing	In rainbow shades	Not to attract attention	Society dancer
Dorothy Cummings..	"Dot"	"Yes," and "No" (quietly spoken)	Her ring	Kidding everyone	Looking mysterious	To own a candy store	To marry
Helen Cutler.....	"Hon"	"O, I'm so excited"	Taking girls home	Sober-mindedness	Cracking jokes	To tell a joke without smiling	Home for soldiers and sailors
Myrtle Dahlstrom...	"Myrt"	(Sweetly) "Yes, yes"	Virginia and Lillian	Politeness to teachers	With marcelled hair	To be sweet	Owner of beauty parlor
Elizabeth Durburrow.	"Betty"	"O, that'll be all right"	Ever ready	Wiggling	Arguing	A clown in Ringling's	A farmereess
Elizabeth Durham...	Just "Elizabeth"	"Where is Grace?"	That grapevine type	Locker-key gone	Selling C. K. C. Christmas Cards	To be a tight-rope walker	Model housewife
Clementine Eastman.	"Clem"	"O, it's so sweet"	"Robbing the cradle"	Everybody knows	With wavy locks	An ideal home	Mme. Modiste
Pauline Fleming....	"Pat"	"O, girl, stop it!"	Being original	Awkward	Sticking in hair-pins	To teach in Alaska	Rich married woman
Madeline Foreman...	Just "Madeline"	"William's waiting, girls"	Unruffled disposition	Talks too much	In the Automat	To get a good job	Chauffeuress
Mildred Freese.....	"Mil"	"Nuff sed"	Writing letters	Charlotte	Going to movies	To hear from France	Head of a factory
Charlotte Greiger....	"Sarcastic"	"O, it's nothing to eat"	Her own way	Candy	Observing rules	To be a lady of leisure	"L" conductoress
Eva Hamburger.....	"Ham"	"And, you know—"	Baby sister	The "L"	Keeping quiet	To be President of a Kg. College	Wife of a store clerk
Ruby Harms.....	Just "Ruby"	"But you would do it for the soldiers"	Calm serenity	Teasing the boys?	Cute	To be in Buffalo Bill's show	Married to the manager
Bessie Hill.....	"Bess"	"Let's get acquainted"	Affableness	Masculiness	Singing	To rival Mischa Elman	An organ grinder
Esther Holmes.....	"Curls"	"I have to get the one o'clock train"	Capturing positions	Auto-riding	The girl with the curl	To sing	Getting \$95 a month
Ethel Howen.....	Just "Ethel"	"I really haven't a chance"	Movie fan	Aesthetic dancing	Gay and lively	To be a modiste	Model in the Blackstone shop

JUNIOR HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Lillian Hoyler.....	"Lil"	"Cutie, who tied your tie?"	Men	Dancing	Arguing	To blow a clarionette	Social entertainer
Charity Hoyt.....	"Love"	"I didn't see through that"	Her dimple	Trying to attend 3 classes at once	Smiling	To be like Miss Woodson	Hair-dresser
Caroline Lehman....	"Carol"	"That's a capital idea"	Eye, ear, and nose specialist	Talking about knitting	Knitting	To be The Living Skeleton	A toe-dancer
Arabella Lucas.....	"Swissey"	"Why, I even saw her"	Playing the violin	Sense of taste	Being good	To acquire a sense of taste	Happily married
Edna Marbach.....	"Ed"	"I didn't know that"	Getting through Dante	To win honorable mention	Always late	To be short	Married to a man 5 ft. tall
Catherine Mariette..	"Mariette"	"Haven't you heard of Bisbee?"	Getting there	Asking advice	"Girls, did I have a telephone call?"	Subject to change	Nobody knows
Margaret Martin....	"Marge"	"Take my advice!"	Cheering up everybody	Embroidery	Just being happy	To embroider as much as she pleases	Peaceful old age
Margaret Mayer.....	"Margy"	"Very good, Eddy"	Chumming with the teachers	Whispering	Always smiling	To find a good listener	Torture a man
Mildred McCullough.	"Mil"	"Is she engaged?"	The Pink Room	Fresh air	A peach	To find a man bigger than she is	Getting the degree M. R. S.
Zelda McNellis.....	"Zel"	"And I thought I'd get C—"	Fair complexion	Walking	Looking worried	To understand Miss Davis	An elocutionist
Irene Mehlberg.....	"Mehl"	"I'm sorry my train was late"	Going after children	Cleaning cupboards	Anything but small	To wear somber colors	A stenographer, and on time
Mary Meyers.....	"M."	"My voice is all cracked"	Just being sweet	Making lots of noise	That cute little girl	To sing like Galli-Curci	Understudy in a musical comedy
Elinda Miller.....	"Lin"	"Gee! I wish I had a man"	Dolling	Business ability	Anything but masculine	To talk louder	Society editress
Myra Moran.....	"Myra"	"O, they have a bad 'rep'"	Brilliant recitations	Stringing boys	The top of her head	To pull a bone	Teacher in Washington, D. C.
Caroline O'Donnell..	"Donny"	"Have you got your Dante?"	Talking	Getting her lessons	Short and dark	To get there	She will get there
Elizabeth O'Meara...	"Sister"	"This is the life!"	Knitting	Indifference	Her auburn hair	To be a movie-queen	Perfect make-up

JUNIOR HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Janet Orr.....	"Or"	"Leave it to Jane"	Tall and dark	She hasn't any	A sweet girl	To be a lady-police-man	To be taken in charge by a man
Alfreda Ostrom.....	"Al"	"Did you get me?"	Bluffing	Her gestures	Laughing	To be a truck-driver	Same
Helen Parsons.....	"Parsie"	"Has the mail come?"	Quite plump	Being elated	Something which makes him look twice	To take the rest cure at Battle Creek	A happy home
Robilee Patrick.....	"Bob"	"Did I get a letter?"	Miss Barber	Closing the window	Darning stockings	To fly high	To marry an aviator
Evelyn Pierr.....	"Ev"	"Stop your teasing"	Happiness	Staying in nights	The style he likes	To find a tall man	After finding, to marry him
Rubye Patton.....	"Dixie Lee"	"Are you coming to story-hour?"	Red-Cross	Her bird-like voice	Pleasing the teachers	To be a Red-Cross Nurse	A second Florence Nightingale
Gertrude Reid.....	"Gert"	"Have you knitted socks?"	Household Science	She has no preference	As a star	To play a ukulele	To teach in the sunny South
Vera Rhodes.....	"Vera"	"I'll have to confess"	School in general	She wouldn't tell	Saying something brilliant	To get thin	Teaching
Jessie Stone.....	"Jess"	"I believe in rising above stones"	Not men	Publicity	Flourishing style	To help everyone	Doing it all the time
Cora Ritchie.....	"Ritchie"	"Girls, there will be a meeting of Student Government"	Opera	Eating hamburgers	Learning to dance	To be a nurse	Musician
Virginia Rollwage...	"V"	"Is that phone call for me?"	The Three Billy Goats Gruff	Curling her hair	Either worried — or smiling	Dramatics	Something quite different
Lucile Ross.....	"Lucy"	"Yes, yes"	Discovering a name for the Annual	Nobody knows	Going to dances	To become an orator	Matron of a school
Melitta Ruble.....	"Litta"	"Well, my little boy"	Studying—really and truly	Posing	Skipping	To be a good kindergarten	Her ambition fulfilled
Nelle Ryan.....	"Nel"	"I'm crazy about rye-bread!"	Impossible	Her studies	The unusual	To be a suffragist	Making speeches over the country
Frances Saxe.....	"Fran"	"There will be a class meeting to-day!"	Worrying Miss McElroy	Late to class	In Aunt Peg's footsteps	To be always on time	A second Miss Far-rar
Bessie Schneider.....	"Betty"	"I like his style"	Classy	Not growing	On the light, fantastic toe	To help Mrs. Jarvie at the Jolly Tar	Married

JUNIOR HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Elvina Schunck.....	"Schunckie"	"So I perceive"	Always talking	Reading Snappy Stories	Bashful	To have thick eyebrows	A singer
Cornelia Smith.....	"Nel"	"Nothing to do until to-morrow"	Industrious	Anything but masculine line	Making friends	Toe dancer	Dancing teacher
Katherine Steigely ..	"Cottie"	"—And I didn't know a thing!"	Good sport	Extremely light?	Taking pictures	To be tall	Teaching
Frances Stein.....	"Steinie"	"Don't worry about it, they'll come back."	Nobody has yet found out	Silence	A-la-mode	To be always happy	Running a boarding-house
Lois Sullivan	"Sully"	"I forgot to call my number!"	Always on deck	Any land?	Editress of "Life"	To live in the South	An actress
Sara Sundine.....	"Gazinta"	"What did you get in Will?"	Avoiding conversation	S-s-s-tuttering	Being funny	To spend her week-ends in Quincy	To settle down
Zella Taylor.....	"Zell"	"Practice makes perfect."	Contentment	You know, of course	Talking to Tony	To play the piano	To marry the man whose pin she wears
Leah Tipton.....	"Tip"	"Why so studious?"	Going to movies	Tall and willowly	The girl with the charming Southern accent	To have a doll-shop	Teaching
Etha Thompson	"Tommy"	"No, we haven't that book!"	Being angelic	Working	In the Library	To be a second Miss Williams	Married to a soldier
Willmina Townes....	"Billy"	"Drop a nickel in the cup! I can't start any charge accounts."	Miss Baker	It's not making cocoa	In dramatics	To get things done	The stage
Miriam Victor.....	"Vic"	"I'll ring her up"	Optimism	Clothing model	Eating "as you like it"	To be nice to everyone	Teaching with Bernice
Marian Wall.....	"Marion"	"—And woe to me"	Miss Fulmer	Pounding the keys	Living in hopes	To teach at Miss Fulmer's	To live on a farm
Pauline Walther.....	"Paul"	"Can't! I've got to study"	Studying	Most anything	Upholding her rights	To be a movie actress	Working for Uncle Sam
Dorothy Weller.....	"Dot"	"I don't believe in standing on trifles"	Suffragist leader	Too aesthetic	Calling everyone "Dear"	To be a second Miss Mount	Realization of same
Leah Wenger.....	"Winger"	"I have a history"	Chewing gum	Bragging	Always happy	To get married	Raising a family
Ada Williams.....	"Ade"	"I never have and never will"	O! you know!	Serenity	Animated	Anything that's peppy	A quiet, old age

JUNIOR HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Annie Williams.....	"Ann"	"I haven't got that far"	Making lots of noise	Neutral	Always with an excuse	To be on time	A Policeman
Dora Wyman.....	"Wy"	"They are the dearest children"	Sincerity	Anything masculine	One of the sought	To be a Beta's wife	Champion golfer
Clara Zander.....	"Clare"	"All things come to those who wait"	She's a shark"	Quietness	Being herself	To be an artist	To paint the town red
Loretta Smith.....	"Etta"	"Self-expression"	Knitting	Talking	On the go	To dance	To marry a professional

JUNIOR ELEMENTARY

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Dorothy Barth.....	"Dot"	"I'll trust to luck"	Dancing	Them eyes	Being nice	To find the Fountain of Youth	Worldly wisdom
Janet Carter.....	"Bobbie"	"I'm from Washington"	Specifying	Feminist	A modest rose	To help them Over There	Running the Dell
Cidney French.....	"Cid"	"O, no! Who said so?"	Much might be said	Sweet disposition	Teasing the boys	Champion swimmer	Living in a small town
Edna Hector.....	"Edna"	"Did she really do it?"	All-embracing smile	Hasn't developed	As a model	To sit in a "box"	In a cabaret
Marion Hicks	"Hickie"	"Please hurry up"	She does her bit	Short and fat	Taking naps	To get thin	An incurable pessimist
Ruth Kearns.....	"Ruthie"	"O yes, O yes, make way"	Keeping quiet	Trying to make herself heard	Always	To be a comedian	Driving an ambulance
Joycelyn Kellogg....	"Joy"	"Aunt Hattie, is this all right?"	Everything	Chewing gum	Getting through	To be a cow-boy	An eloquent speaker
Willie McAlpine.....	"Will"	"Isn't she stylish?"	Like unto lilies	Never heard of it	Writing her name	To string the boys	Chinese juggler
Emma McConaughy.	"Mac"	"Where's my black bag?"	Getting money	Tall and dark	Waiting for someone	To read Snappy Stories	A second Miss Kearns
Sarah Miller.....	"Sallie"	"I just got in"	Getting her shoes shined	Posing	In her shell	To ride horseback	Wedding bells
Mollie Rippetoe.....	"Mollie"	"He's a soldier now"	Taking pictures	Quiet	On the go	Optimism	To teach school all her life
Harriet Russell.....	"Aunt Hattie"	"I just heard from S. Dakota"	Her winning way	Couldn't find it	Always happy	To be a Mrs. Hoover	Living peaceably with the world



Class Officers

President	Marion Quinlan
Vice-President	Gertrude Porter
Secretary-Treasurer	Gladys Holland
Colors	Purple and Gold
Flower	Tea Rose
Motto	"Impossible is Un-American"





Freshman Class History

THE exact moment of the origin of the class of 1919 is as yet unknown. However, statistics have it that along in the Summer of 1917 certain signs that this class was about to be formed became evident in various parts of the United States. Somehow, in a strange, inexplicable fashion, a certain message found its way into the hearts of seventy-four girls at the same time. In whatever way the message was delivered, we know that each girl answered this call to service, and came swiftly to begin her life's task of guiding her country's future generation into the path of fine citizenship. The desire of each individual girl to do her best made possible the beginnings of a real class organization.

The days of registration were days when each girl had a chance to look about her, and learn to stand on her own feet. Before her admittance into Miss Baker's office, she felt a childish curiosity to see over the wall into the beyond, but when she came out she had acquired certain new qualities which made her realize the depth of the great work into which she was entering.

The actual class, as a body, came into being on September 12, 1917, when, assembled in the main hall, with Juniors, Seniors and Faculty, we listened to the opening address by Miss Harrison.

On September 26, the Senior President helped the new class to officially organize itself. Marion Quinlan was made President, Gertrude Porter, Vice-President, and Gladys Holland, Secretary-Treasurer. Purple and Gold were chosen as our colors, and the yellow Tea-Rose as the class flower. The motto selected was unique but apt, "Impossible Is Un-American." The class had the fine judgment to choose Miss Heinig for class-sponsor. Before the second class meeting the girls had time to make acquaintances and form friendships, but not until this meeting did the spirit of unity become really apparent. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss the Freshman stunt, which was to be given within the week. The "Vaudeville," presented as a result of this discussion, was the initial public appearance of young "1919," and it was thought that the "fresh" initiative displayed therein was rather a shock to the observers. However, no comments were made to dampen the ardor of the youthful entertainers.

The Thanksgiving Service was one of the most impressive and enjoyable of all the year's events. At the Christmas Service the Freshmen were again a part of a most beautiful celebration of that season.

The holidays divided our class for the time being, but the New Year brought us back to do actual teaching. This new work filled most of our time and energy, and few historical events occurred.

The public performance of the Annual advertising staff included some of the Freshman girls also. The feeling of newness had worn off, and in February, when the Midyears entered College, the old Freshmen already felt experienced and responsible.

—KATHERINE MERSEREAU.

FRESHMAN HORRIBLESCOPE

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Persis Agnew	"Percy"	"I think that's mean!"	"Pit"	Sailors' uniforms	Dodging Miss Hill	To marry that Jackie	Seamstress
Myrtle Anderson	"Andy"	"I wonder"	Pep	Punctuality	Vocalizing	To get the Kaiser	A military wedding
Edna Barry	"Raspberry"	"Go where?"	Her complexion	The boys	Primping	To be an athlete	Mary Pitchfork II
Gladys Britten	"Glad"	"Oh, he is just one of my boy friends"	Aesthetic taste	Virgil	On the telephone	To be a genius	Scrub-woman
Eun'ce Brooks	"Topsy"	"You big stiff!"	Spreads	Sense of humor	Raising Cain	Wealth	The old woman who lived in the shoe
Edna Brunell	"Ed"	"Oh, come on"	Men	Chocolates	On the dance-floor	To nurse in France	Fascinating widow
Helen Carrier	"Sis"	"O, you're so funny"	Minus quantity	The Arena	Churching	To get married	The future Charlotte
Erth Davenport	"Ruthie"	"K'mere!"	The nurse	Lungs (?)	The town gossip	We've never been able to discover any	Telephone operator
Marguerite Dieterich	"Marij"	"I thought I'd pop"	Her voice	Music	Dashing for the train	To take in all the shows	Prima donna
Elizabeth Dubois ...	"Bobbie"	"That's all right"	Lacking	The last of the Du-Bois	Talking of Washington, D. C.	To be just like --?	Goodness knows
Martha Dusenberry ..	"Meg"	"Well, what good will that do?"	Speed (?)	Mother-play	Calling for 49 children	To sing	To live happily ever after
Ruth Eddy	"Ruphus"	"That's what Charlie says"	A + 's	"Wranglers"	Continually talking	To be tall	A Miss Baker
Betsey Edwards	"Bess"	"Isn't that dumb?"	Missing	Food	With a broad grin	To be tall and sylph-like	With a broad grin
Grace Ekstrum	"Gracie"	"I don't know"	Purple	Her chum's Dad	Knitting	To run the Red Cross Society	"Dear Teacher"
Helen Erskine	"Skinney"	Kath!"	Early to bed	Dutch dances	Always late (?)	Lacking	Left end in the Fol-lies 1920
Hilda Fischer	"Hildy"	"Is that phone call for me?"	Looks	Architecture	Neat as a pin	To have a million	Manufacturer of staple foods

FRESHMAN HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Irma Fisher	"Shorty"	"Well, I'll be —!"	Folk-dancing	Food from the "Dell"	Stingy (?)	To be stately of stature	Miss Mount 2nd
Helen Gird	"Short"	"Did the bell ring?"	Her blue serge for breakfast	Getting up in the morning	Petite	To be skinny	A dozen kiddies
Annie Gist	"Bob"	"Oh, Boy!"	Oh, those eyes!	Candy	Cute as the dickens	To succeed Gertrude Hoffman	Comedienne on Orpheum Circuit
Ruth Gladden	"Ruphus"	"I can't explain it, but —"	Goupes	The sorority	Waiting for the postman	To be slender	Peanut vender
Manesa Goode	"Goodey"	"Aw, go on!"	Playing ragtime at kindergarden	Having arguments	Spooning with Aileen	To go on the stage	Old ladies' home
Julis Haas	"Jud"	"For the love of mud!"	Fortune telling	"Dell" sandwiches	At the piano	None	A dentist's wife
Lucile Haeger	"Rachel"	"Say, have you gone to sleep?"	Speed (?)	Tony	Primping	To get a teacher's pension	Not a teacher's pension
Rosa Haynes	"Rose"	"Oh deah!"	Acting the part of "After" in the Freshman show	Her r's	With Marguerite	To teach in the South	A lecturer
Doris Hellyer	"Doris"	"Oh, what shall I do now?"	Eyes	Riding four blocks to Kindergarden	Pretty	Clerk at Thomas Charles	Playground work
Gladys Holland	"Tiny"	"Well, what do you know about that?"	Bob	That curl	Some player	After the war —?	Is it Phi Delt or Beta?
Margaret Hollingshead	"Meg"	"That's wild!"	Pictures	Dancing	Good scout	To say something serious	Aesthetic dancer
Lois Holt	"Lois"	"By Jinks!"	Unselfishness	Talking fast	Just a peach	To make others happy	One year of teaching
Gladys Howell	"Glad"	"Oh, dear"	Knitting	Sending letters New Mexico	Looking for the mail	Bringing up young brother	Life at an army post
Emily Jenkins	"Jenks"	"Honestly?"	Stories	Gyms	Young and attractive	Chatauqua	Story Lady II
Margaret Jones	"Jonesy"	"That's just it"	Hubbards	Themes	We all love Jonesy	Red Cross Nurse	Marriage
Mary Land	"Mrs. Rip"	"Water on third!"	Human pincushion	Three flights of stairs	Always ready for fun	At home with sonny	Same

FRESHMAN HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Marguerite McBroom	"Peggy"	"Wonder if that call is for me?"	Clif	Straight hair	Quiet—at times!	Pavlova No. 2	Neither Pavlova nor Kindergarten
Marion McAdow	"Mac"	"Loads of fun"	Neatness	Frats	Cutey	Dancer	Matrimony
Florence McCook ...	"Trusty"	"Yes, dear"	Sweet disposition	The Navy	A peach	To be a good little wife	Nuf sed
Mary Mendenhall ...	"Muggins"	"You don't treat me very nice"	Poeting	Candy during Lent	Being original	Poetess	Famous woman
Katherine Mersereau	"Kay"	"Oh, my goodness!"	Sensible shoes	Ann Arbor	Helping somebody	N. K. C. certificate	Prima donna
Myrtle Mills	"Myrt"	"Oh, yes!"	Generosity	Criticism	Talking	Nursing	Nursery work
Sara Moss	"Sally"	"Why, honey!"	Curriculum circle	Her lucky ring	Small, but—oh, my!	To make children happy	To fulfill the promise of the wishing ring
Martha Mumford ...	"Mart"	"He's so smoochy"	Democracy	Sally	A sweet little Quaker girl	Supervisor of something	The stage
Dorothy Nelson	"Dotty"	"Where's Marg?"	Her smile	Pictures on the roof-garden	Our ideal little sister	To be clever	Home Kindergarten
Katherine Pearce ...	"Kath"	"Oh, Girl!"	Giggling	Bohemian settlement	Demure	Settlement Kindergarten	Same
Alice Piper	"Al"	"I wonder if we'll have soup"	Leading marches at Kindergarten	Lack of an alarm clock	With Mr. Arnold's book under her arm	To introduce the Kindergarten to her home town	Conducting same
Gertrude Porter	"Toots"	"Did I get any mail?"	Specials	Her brown dress	Attractive	Domestic Science for two	Same
Marian Quinlan	"Quillian"	"I'll give you a nickel"	Complimenting others	Hygienic shoes	Can't be beat	To be on time	To be another Mrs. Kohlsaat
Gladys Robertson ...	"Happy"	"Oh, honey"	Smile, smile, smile	Elastic bloomers	Good-natured	School at Evanston	Who knows?
May Rogers	"Min"	"I've something to whisper in your right ear."	Letters to Iowa U.	Frat pins	Nice—but quiet	To be a Red Cross nurse in France	A model housewife
Kate Sawyer	"K"	"Well, I don't know, but—"	Quotations	Lack of confidence	Responsible	The best Kindergarten in the world	Another Patty Hill

FRESHMAN HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Manila Schroeder....	"Manil"	!!! * * ?!!	Personality	Clothes	Meek and most proper	A second Ruth St. Denis	Touring health resorts
Cecile Schulz	"Cele"	"O, Golly"	Inventions	Lunch at Field's	Bashful	To own a tea-room	A home for stray cats
Elizabeth Scouler ...	"Beth"	"When did that happen?"	Originality	None	Dashing	To teach Psychology	Chauffeur
Harriet Sheaff	"Harry"	"Oh, all right"	Disposition	Souvenirs	Lovable	To live near Minnie	Married
Luella Seikmann....	"Puss"	"Oooky!"	Knitting	Eating between meals	Spoiled	To own a candy shop	Put on a strict diet
Mary Slater	"Peggy"	"You poor wop"	Hair	Noise	Quiet	Missing	A cat and a canary
Jenette Sloane	"Jay"	"He's the sweetest thing on earth"	Temper	Special deliveries	Smiling	To weigh 100 pounds	A fashion model
Elsa Smith	"Elsie"	"Hope the foreign mail came to-day"	Writing letters	Letters from France	Engaged	To help win the war	We'll tell when the war is over
Gwladys Snyder	"Glad"	"Oh, Percy!"	Priscilla	Priscilla	With Priscilla	To be with Priscilla	Same
Erma Spence	"Erm"	"Is it?"	Disposition	Spending money on others	A perfect dear	To spend a million the same way	Settlement worker
Marie Staninger	"Heinie"	"I've got to hurry"	Making a change	Listening in chorus	Slipping into the back seat	To adopt two orphans	Married to a millionaire
Ora Strong	"Or"	"Believe me"	The twinkle in her eye	Serious expression	Studying	To be a Senior	A degree
Marion Upham	"Mary Ann"	"Well!"	Coming in useful at a Senior entertainment	The Great Lakes smile	With a Quaker Oats smile	Illinois U.	A dancer
Marion Waldron ...	"Mary Ann"	"I never was so mad in my life"	Her temperament	Giggling	Dressy	To drive a racer	A Mrs. Ford
Marguerite Walker..	"Peggy"	"I know, but I won't tell"	Hair	Promptness	A dear	We don't know	A little bungalow
Rosalind Ward	"Wardie"	"It sounds well"	Lights out on time?	Saving electricity	Serious	To be in California	A Kindergarten in Fiji Islands

FRESHMAN HORRIBLESCOPE—(Continued)

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Strong Point	Weak Point	As Others See Them	Ambition	Destiny
Bernice Watts	"Swats"	"Did the mail come?"	Letters	Arriving on time	Charming	To win the war	A military wedding
Helen Weeks	"Hel'n"	"O, law!"	Black tresses	Walking	Tall and shy	To be a movie star	The movies
Elizabeth Wellman...	"Tib"	"For the love of mud!"	Pep	Her voice	Lively	To wear corsage bouquets	Marry a lucky man
Priscilla Willard....	"Percy"	"Not so good"	Gladys	Gladys	With Gladys	To have a grand time	Who can tell!
Helen Zearing	"Helen"	"I'll say so"	Style	Curiosity	With Betty	Settlement work	A fashion model





Student Women's Christian Fellowship

THE Fellowship is now three years old, and it has grown not only in age, but also in numbers, in inspiration, and in popularity in our own school.

There have been two large mass meetings this year. The first was at Northwestern Dental College, where Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond spoke to us, and Miss Pearson made her usual inspiring talk. Several stunts were given by different schools, our girls dramatizing "The Three Bears."

The second mass meeting was at Fullerton Hall, at the Art Institute, where there were five hundred and fifty representatives from forty schools. It was a very inspiring occasion, the principal speaker being Dr. Frank Billings, who told of his work with the Red Cross Mission in Russia.

At the March Circle Dr. Covert, of the First Presbyterian Church, told of his trip along the Pacific Coast, and his work among the soldiers in training there. A quartet of young ladies from his church sang delightfully for us.

Our own girls have been very kind in furnishing entertainment in the form of stories, readings and music, and in assisting in serving tea, which has been an innovation this year.

In February Miss Pearson suffered an accident when she slipped on the ice, but her condition is improving, and we hope to have her with us again before the school-year is ended. Miss Pearson has been ably seconded in her most ardent interest in the Fellowship by Miss Crotz, her secretary, who has come to occupy, in the hearts of all of us, a place only second to that of our Miss Pearson.

—RUTH WINTERSTEEN.

Student Council

Heretofore the Student Council has been made up of simply the officers of each class and one faculty member, Miss Baker. This year the Council decided to enlarge itself by bringing in the heads of various other departments, thereby increasing its capabilities. Besides the Class officers and Miss Baker, the Council now includes the President of Student Fellowship, the President of Student Government, the Editor of the Annual and the Class sponsors.

With this enlarged group the Council has done a big work this year. All members were active in arranging the details of the Thanksgiving and Christmas festivals, and in forming plans for the presentation of the Liberty Bond.

A new piece of work is being attempted this year in the form of a School Handbook, which we hope will serve as a confidential helper to incoming students.

The idea of the Student Council is to promote better school spirit and to hold high the standards of our College. It affords an opportunity for the students to present their questions to the faculty and the faculty to present matters to the students. Many problems have been successfully solved through the efforts of this school body.

—GERTRUDE PORTER.

Red Cross Activities

WHAT are the N. K. E. C. girls doing to help win this World War for Democracy? Never were the daughters of our beloved College known to shirk a duty. Every member of the Faculty and every student has answered to the bugle call, and in a united body we are trying to do our share toward setting the Flag of Universal Liberty upon a firm and sure foundation. With the immortal Webster, every heart reiterates: "This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve and ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust." Are not the following responses proof that the girls of N. K. E. C. are doing whatever their hands find to do?

Liberty Loans

Thrift Stamps

Red Cross

- a) Service
- b) Membership
- c) Study of the following courses:
 - 1. First Aid
 - 2. Home and War Nursing
 - 3. Diatetics
 - 4. Surgical Dressings

Personal Sacrifices in Conservation

Contributions to the following:

- a) Belgian Fund
- b) Student Women's Christian Fellowship Fund
- c) Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Funds

Service and Financial Support to Navy League

Knitting (yarn is being supplied by the Trinity Episcopal Church Red Cross Auxiliary)

Settlement Classes for the Welfare of Children in War Time
Two Hundred Christmas Bags for the Jolly Tar Christmas Tree
Christmas Cards sold by the girls to the amount of \$750, on behalf of the Fatherless Children of France. Several members of the Faculty and each Class are supporting individual children.

One Hundred Eighty-six Comfort Kits were sent to the Hospital Unit No. 12 in France. The following are characteristic responses from some of the soldiers who received them:

"How kind of you to send me a nice little bag full of good and useful things! Thanks, a thousand times"

"Many thanks for the things you so thoughtfully sent. I surely can and will use them"

"Did you really expect an answer to your gift, the 'red bag,' or is it a surprise? Believe me, please, your choice of articles was good. . . . One thing you may be sure of, no one finds as much pleasure as we do in opening these pleasing surprise packets that you folks send us. That is the straight truth—our frantic rushes when they are announced prove it! So let me give my vote of thanks again. It stands for all the 'Yanks.'"

"I was fortunate enough to get your good Christmas bag. I appreciate the contents thereof, and also the thought contained in the sending of such a compact little present. . . . We have had a wonderful Christmas season; we have been remembered by many people. It is such spirit as your letter holds that will win the war; we are glad we can do our bit to make life a little safer for civilized people, and you may rest assured that we have come to France to **win** a conflict. . . . It matters not how long one lives, but how well one lives. . . ."

RUBY PATTON.



The Kindergarten Unit

There are six hundred thousand refugee children in France who have come from the bombarded regions, from the gassed districts, or from behind the enemy line. These children have been under shell fire and have witnessed scenes that have filled them with terror. They are underfed, separated from their parents, and many of them have lost both homes and all relatives.

In March, we received a visit from Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, who has been selected as Director of a Kindergarten Unit, which is to be sent to France in conjunction with the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross in France, to work under the auspices of the Citizens' Committee for the Conservation of the Children of America during the War. This Unit is to be equipped by the members of the American Branch of the International Kindergarten Union.

This is an opportunity which comes within the power of every girl in our College. Our help, however small, is worthy of such a cause as will endeavour to relieve the suffering of these unfortunate little children of France, and fill their lives with helpful activities.

We are proud to be represented in the Unit by Vera Brown, who expects to go to France shortly. We wish her all success in her new work. N. K. E. C. now will have a very personal interest in the Kindergarten Unit.



OUR winter in the Dormitory has been a most happy one. True, we have grumbled about our lessons, having to get up early, the weather, etc., but we have had plenty of good times, too.

When we came back in September, the old girls had to swallow the lumps in their throats and make the new girls feel at home, and how we valued Miss MacRoy's help!

About the first thing we did was to have a tea for the Freshmen, in the library, with the last year girls serving. In a day or two the girls were initiated into the mysteries of Student Government and soon we all felt thoroughly acquainted and at home.

Our September House Committee gave us a beach party in Jackson Park. After a launch ride around the lagoon, a huge bon-fire was lighted on the beach, where we roasted "weenies," toasted marshmallows, and sang everything we could think of.

One very auspicious occasion was when the Juniors, at dinner one night, announced to the Freshies that they must salute the upper classmen, and perform such tasks as might be required of them. After a period of probation, the Freshies were cornered in the parlor one evening and taken to the College, where they danced, sang, orated, and performed various other feats with credit. Pop-corn balls soon made everyone forget their troubles, and we had a good time, though some of the Freshies had sore noses and knees.

Our Hallowe'en Party was just as "spookie" as could be. The girls came to dinner dressed as ghosts and goblins; there were owls, black cats and witches everywhere. Later, we were very mysteriously taken over to school, where we had to run the gauntlet of groans, shrieks and moans, while every once in a while someone would grab us out of the dark, all in true Hallowe'en style. Down in the Assembly Hall, Miss Mary Williams told fortunes, while we bobbed for apples, danced and drank good home-made cider. Margaret Colmey, from Fort Wayne, was with us for the party, and stayed several days. Georgia Leedy also came for the week-end.

Miss MacRoy started our Saturday Evening Club. The girls came down to her room and sewed or knitted, while someone read aloud. We always had something good to eat. Here we made our Christmas stockings for the "Jolly Tars."

The House Party at Thanksgiving was a "dinner-dance." Half of the guests were "men," who gallantly escorted their fair ladies in true cavalier style. During dinner and afterwards dancing was enjoyed. Sadie Cooper could not resist flirting with Dorothy Weller—but Dorothy did make a handsome man!

Miss Pearson has always been a welcome guest at the Dormitory and her meetings here have been a great pleasure to us. At one of these Miss Georgene Faulkner told us her story, "Sammy's Service Star," and autographed the books, which we so eagerly bought.

We were fortunate in having Miss Harrison at our Christmas Chapel Service. The girls marched downstairs, singing "Adeste Fideles." Miss MacRoy read one of Henry Van Dyke's newest Christmas stories. Miss Harrison's talk on the Christmas Spirit for This Year was beautiful, and gave us a conception of what the real spirit of this year should be—not as in former years, but suited to the present need of a world crisis; Miss Harrison has been with us so many times—just dropping in for visits, and always bringing something to us. These have always been happy gatherings.

At Christmas we had a "Children's Party." Everyone was dressed as a child, and when the doors were opened you never saw happier youngsters anywhere. We had a Santa Claus, who gave a gift to each one. There was every kind of a gift, from a nut (Helen Cutler's) to an automobile. There were telephones for Peggy and Virginia, who kept the line busy, and a box of rouge for Clarissa (but we discovered since it is the wrong kind of paint for making posters). Bernice Alexander drew a talking machine to help her out, while Lucille's breakfast cap was most appropriate. Industrious Margaret Martin was delighted with a ball of crochet cotton—St. Nick surely did know just what to bring.

In January our House Committee, with Grace Montague as chairman, gave us a surprise Dinner Party. The decorations were in two shades of lavender. It was quite one of our nicest parties. In keeping with the Valentine spirit, we had a dinner, at which the King of Hearts (Hilda Fisher) chose his queen. Blanche Birkett was the honored one and was led to her place at the head of the table by the King.

We have been sorry to lose Miss MacRoy. As she has not been well for some time, it was thought best for her to take a long rest in the South. Miss Kearns has been living with us for a month in the capacity of House Mother. Now we welcome Mrs. Shellenberger, our new Dean, and hope she will like us as much as we like her.

CORA RITCHIE.

To Miss Mac Roy

We have thought of you so often,
And we wondered if you knew
All the loving thoughts and wishes
That we have each day for you?

O! we've missed you! and we hoped
As each new day dawned clear and bright,
That we'd find you once more with us,
With your cheery smile so bright.

—MARY MENDENHALL.







Vacation War Work for College Women

AMONG the many organizations now being formed in "The Second Line of Defense," as the work of the women of our Nation has been called, none has interested me more than the call for the heads of Women's Colleges and Deans of Women's Departments in State Universities and State Normal Schools, to meet and consider the best utilization of College and Normal School graduates, after their College courses are over.

The meeting was presided over by Miss Sarah Louise Arnold, former Dean of Simmons College, Boston, who has now relinquished that distinguished position, in order to undertake the arduous task of Head of the Women's Committee of the United States Food Administration. Mr. Harry A. Wheeler, Food Administrator for Illinois, was the chief speaker of the day. There were representatives from most of the leading colleges of the middle west, and some of them told of the practical results of the work already done by their College girls.

At this conference there was no discussion as to the advisability of students leaving school for war service, as it was recognized that all added resources, all trained minds and disciplined will power make for much more efficiency in the work that the women of America must undertake.

The main purpose of the meeting was to emphasize the tremendous importance of educating public opinion as to the meaning of the conservation of food—that it is not doing without food, but the wise and intelligent saving of the foodstuffs needed by the soldiers at the front and by our allies. One speaker said that the longest range gun the enemy has is the uninformed public opinion of America. It was planned to mobilize the educated young women of our nation and send them into the home communities to preach, teach and practice the true conservation of food stuffs of our land, upon which now depends the world's salvation. As the educated and efficient young men of America are now helping to prepare the vast army of their inexperienced but patriotic brothers for the terrible ordeals at the front, it behooves the young women of similar training to utilize their power in awakening the uninformed and ignorant women of the nation to their duty in this important matter.

It was urged that the young woman graduated from College has an acknowledged influence in her home community; that she can quickly assimilate the facts, which are sent free of charge from Headquarters at Washington, and with her trained mind, easily adjust them to the needs of the situation; that her discipline in co-operation and courtesy, her command of good English, her organized sense of responsibility, fit her for this work of building up public opinion. With this preparation she can forcibly and convincingly present this great need until decent people shall be ashamed to have on their tables the foods that have been asked for to save the fighting force of the men in the trenches, who are offering up their lives—ashamed to indulge their appetites in food that means life or death to thousands of helpless children in the countries of our allies.

This work is not so spectacular as donning khaki or Red Cross uniforms, or as going out on farms to work, but in the opinion of the President of the United States, the Commanding General of the Army, and all others in authority, it is next in importance to the fighting line in France.

"Let me serve where I am most needed," is the call of every girl's heart who is worthy of the high and sacred responsibility as well as the privilege which education has bestowed upon her.

At the close of the meeting, Miss Arnold read to us quietly the following expression of her views on the matter:

Grace at Table—1918

Here we gather, dear All-Father,
Round Thy table, to be fed.
'Tis Thy gift—our daily bread.

As we gather to be fed,
Nations plead for daily bread,
Fighting son and anguished mother,
Orphaned children—all together—
Pray to Thee for daily bread.
At Thy common table, Father,
Ask we all for daily bread.

God, All-Father, hear our prayer;
Move our hearts and minds to share
With Thy children at Thy table
This, Thy gift of daily bread—
Sacred gift of daily bread.

Lest they perish, swift and eager,
Share we now our daily bread.
Give, through us, O great All-Father,
To Thy children, daily bread.

—SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

Is there one among us who cannot help in this safeguarding of the strength of our soldiers and the lives of our allies?

—ELIZABETH HARRISON

Original Mother-Play

The Happy Child

Motto.

All day long your happy child is busy with his play-work. From time to time he calls, "See, Mother, what I have done!" and is sure of your sympathetic recognition of his achievement.

It is as natural for your child to be happy as it is for him to grow. It is as much your duty to see that he is happy as it is to see that he has right conditions for physical growth. The happy child who forms the habit of achievement will grow into a happy, successful man or woman.

Achievement along material lines is by no means the greatest thing in life; the habit of achieving moral and intellectual victories should be uppermost in the mother's mind as she trains her child.

Song.

In and out the needles go,
 Making now, a dress for dolly;
Back and forth, and to and fro,
 Here's a dress for you, dear Molly.

Now, a picture I will draw
 Of a baby and his mother;
You would think, if you but saw,
 'Twas my little baby brother.

Now, a garden we will make—
 Get your hoe, and rake, and spade;
Hoe it, smooth it with the rake;
 Plant the seeds—the garden's made.

Lovely things to do all day,
 Playing, working, helping mother;
Night comes soon, and stops our play—
 But there always comes another.

Commentary.

The manner of playing this little game is evident upon reading the accompanying song. All children like to realize their experiences in play. This little song deals with a few of the activities in which children are interested.

Your child is constantly finding pleasure in doing, making, finding out—expressing himself in some way. The result of whatever he attempts of his own volition satisfies him until his further growth shows him its defects. He glows with pride as the result of his effort. One child of whom I know always said emphatically: "There, I did it!" to express her feeling of satisfaction with a task which, to her mind, was well done. Such a child is

happy all day long, eager for another day to come, in which he may achieve new victories.

This habit of achievement—the feeling of the child that he can do what he thinks he can do, that he is limit-transcending, will be carried over into adult life if it is not stunted by thoughtlessness on the part of older people or other children, as is often the case. Happily, with most mothers, it seems to be instinctive to praise all the tiny achievements of their children. This is probably due to the feeling that the child needs a great faith in his own powers in order to develop them, and to the knowledge of the prophetic worth of his slight attainments.

What a power for good in the whole life of the child is the mother's faith in his ability! Long after he has passed the play-work days of childhood, the mother's quiet remark: "I know you can do it; to be sure it is hard, but don't you remember when you did such and such a thing which was almost as hard?" restores self-confidence and leads to the accomplishment of the task.

How much happier and how much more useful is such a man! Can you think of anything more pitiable than the habitually unsuccessful person?



Olive Roberts.

My First Morning in Kindergarten

AT LAST the long-looked-for day arrived—the day when we Freshmen were to go to our various kindergartens to "cadet." I can hardly describe the shaky feeling of expectancy which was mine all that age-long ride on the "L"—how I sat perched on the very edge of my seat for almost an hour, waiting to hear my station called—how when it was finally called, I dashed off the car and fairly tore over the several blocks to the large stone building for which I was searching.

After many questions I was finally ushered to the kindergarten room by a small boy, who seemed to feel most dreadfully sorry for me. The room was beautiful, bright and cheery, with a lovely Christmas tree in the center of the circle; the brilliancy of it all fairly dazzled me.

I walked timidly over to my director, feeling rather like a nurse-girl answering a want-ad, and explained to her who I was. I was welcomed in a business-like manner and asked to remove my wraps, after which I asked if there was anything I might do. Miss —— said that I might help one of the cadets who was draping some tinsel chains along the wall. I did—but, much to my embarrassment, discovered later in the morning that I had not hung them at all as I should have—(my first kindergarten blunder).

Then the children came in! They looked at me and I looked at them. I felt like a giant with hands and feet as large as a house. I was given a chair on the circle—but, oh! what was the matter with that chair? I was frankly miserable. My legs were too long, my hands in the way, and my cheeks flaming. I felt as unnecessary as a fur coat in August, as useless as most Christmas gifts.

But the morning came to an end, as all things do, and I don't believe I was ever more relieved in my life than I was when the last yellow head had disappeared through the door.

"How did you like your kindergarten?" all the girls asked when I got back to school.

"Oh, very much!" I answered, but added to myself—"but I know I'll never make a kindergartner!"

—BY A FRESHIE.

A Musical Fancy

THE finite is forever attempting to remain in tune with the infinite. But only the best of mortals have been able to attune their lives to the harmony of the spheres. Most men succeed in this only at rare intervals of their discordant strenuousness, and many are out of tune all their life. Those who blow their horn the loudest are generally farthest from chiming in with the sweet melody of the season's greetings, and while they pretend to lead the band, they are in reality disturbing the measure and rhythm of the concert by accentuating their personal note, either at the wrong moment, or with a *fortissimo* mal place.

The world is indeed like a great orchestra, where, according to his whims and his capacity, everyone is playing a different instrument, believing it to be the most important of all. Of course, we all wish to play the first violin, but on looking the field over and considering the difficulties, we are finally glad to be kept at work playing second fiddle. One man is interested in the kettle-drum and the money market; another likes to breathe the flute in the solitude of a moonlit summer night. One sets out on life's journey with a flourish of trumpets, while another prefers to put as many strings to his bow as he possibly can. Only very few become soloists, the favorites of the gods—the mass of mankind has to practice ensemble play while Fate is beating time. Happy he who has learned to count faithfully the bar-rests when it behooves him to keep silent, and who is keeping time throughout the entire score.

At every cradle the Fairy announces the key in which life's battle hymn is to be sung. The rich, the healthy, the beautiful, the strong, and the smart, chant it in the major key. The others are compelled to play it in one of the minor keys. Yet the best musicians assure us that the latter express better by far the emotions of love and of faith.

Sometimes the keys change during a lifetime, usually from the major to the minor key, rarely the other way.

Life starts out with an allegro and a two-step movement, going on crescendo in a waltz, or march tempo, until in middle life the song deepens and broadens into a symphony; repetitions occur, stops and discords appear in the harmonies, and andante or majestoso the performance continues until the last bar is reached. It is not wise to indulge in a presto for too long a time, as this is bound to stop short and unexpectedly, leaving the sense of completeness dissatisfied. It is always best to let some peaceful adagio follow. Where there is no "Leitmotif," no guiding principle, the theme is apt to go astray in preluding and endless variations.

And there they rush, men, women, and children, like so many notes, climbing up and down the do, re, mi, fa, etc., the scales of social standing, of fame or of wealth, and attaining a higher pitch and a more penetrating power the farther up they mount. Some are able to settle firmly along one of the established lines; others stand in the intervals, between folly and wisdom, between poverty and luxury.

How comfortable that prominent citizen appears while sitting on the broad veranda of his summer home, and looking over the park and meadows, all his own! Does he not remind one of the whole note with the sustaining mark over it—fat, round, heavy, important? Mrs. Prominent, with butler, maid, and footman, is she not like another of those sustained notes, with a few short ones near her to give her prestige? Business men and professional men resemble so many crotchets in a composition—not too swell or too insignificant. The pretty girl, all flounces and frills, a semi-quaver, dancing lightly along or in pairs in the human opera. Here and there a kind Providence adds a little to life, granting a title or an inheritance, fitting the owner like the dot after the quaver that enhances its value.

Yet, high or low, fat or lean, with flats (sorrows), or sharps (joys), in front of them to guide their ways, the same fate awaits them all. Towards the close of life the Fairy smiles, "Lento and diminuendo," until the great Leader of the universal orchestra gives the signal for the final cadence, and an angel writes "Finis" when the last chord has died out—or is it a "Da Capo?"

—LOUIS C. MONIN.



The Moon Lady

Little "No. 66" sat on her cot and wearily unbuttoned her gingham apron. Seventy other tired children lay in restful stillness, but Jeannine was the oldest orphan, so she had helped undress all the babies.

The child reached out her thin hand and pushed back the gray curtain. A warm breeze blew through the little room; it extinguished the burning candle and swept something white and square from the table. Jeannine sleepily picked it up, but the moon did not make enough light for her to read what was written on the paper. After all she could not have read the queer English words; to her it all meant one wonderful word, "adopted."

The little French War Orphan had never seen her new mother, she lived far across the sea, but the child knew that someone cared for her. How happy it made her feel! All the world about her slipped away and almost before she realized it she found herself out of doors. Her bare feet pattered down the sandy, winding path till she could see a lily-pond through the trees.

Frogs croaked and crickets chirped. Jeannine sat down at the edge of the pond and looked into the water. It was dotted with silver stars, and in it the moon floated, a great white bubble.

But as she looked up into the sky, the moon seemed to be changing its shape. It grew long and slender, till at last it took the form of a beautiful lady, and Jeannine heard a voice say: "Come and live with me, little girl."

It was the Moon Lady and she was talking to Jeannine. How beautiful and white she was. Jeannine was not a bit afraid. She sat there fascinated as she watched the Moon Lady spread a silver path for her across the water. The little girl walked lightly down the silver path on the leaves of the gleaming water lilies, and she had almost reached the Moon Lady's outstretched arms when she awoke.

It was only a dream after all. But one day Jeannine said good-bye to all the other little ginghamed children. The new mother, who had come for her, called softly as she held out her arms for Jeannine.

She sometimes wondered why Jeannine called her the Moon Lady—but I think you can guess.

—MARGARET HOLLINGSHEAD.



The Body of the Fish

(A symbolic story based on the Mother Play of "The Fishes.")

INTRODUCTION.

I The thought, negative though it is, that kept coming to me as I read the Mother Play of "The Fishes" was, that after futile grasping for physical freedom, there lies in the hand only "the dead body of the fish." Mrs. Arnold seemed deeply impressed with this thought, for she kept repeating the phrase in her "notes," and voiced a warning with each repetition. Froebel has presented this negative element in order that we may better understand that true freedom is within—is spiritual freedom. No matter how we strive for physical freedom, unless we are free in spirit we are clutching only "the dead body of the fish."

So the youth in this story, mistook the body for the soul of things, and missed the goal.

There was once a youth who wanted freedom and, in the manner of all youths, he went far from the land of his birth, and wandered in foreign lands. It chanced that in India he met a fakir, who gave him a magic fish, a little gold fish, yet one that lived and breathed. And the fakir said: "This is the Soul of Freedom you seek. But use it wisely, my son if you seek not the true freedom the little fish dies, and you become a slave." But with the immaturity of his years the youth scoffed at the idea of slavery; and, thanking the fakir, lightly went his way.

Now the youth wandered for many years seeking the freedom his soul craved; and a wise man of the Orient, to whom he had given succor in the desert, said to him: "Do you seek freedom? Then go to the school of your fathers, for we are all as free as we are intellectual." So the youth, weary of his long wanderings and the babel of strange tongues, turned back to his home, and entered the school of his fathers.

There it was whispered to him in the frivolous tongue of the students: "Freedom is Pleasure and Pleasure is Life. Come with us and live." The youth hearkened to the tongues of his fellows, and with them sought pleasure. Long were the hours he spent in feasting and music and laughter. Dizzy with wine was his brain, and his soul was steeped in sensuous living. Seeing the ways of the youth, the wise men who ruled o'er the students, gravely rebuked him, told him he had become a slave to his baser emotions, and sent him from their portals. But the youth sneered at the wise men, even waxed grossly insulting; flaunted them, scoffed at them, and, scoffing, went his way.

To a far city he traveled, and joined a group in a garden, who sipped white wine by the glow of soft-shaded candles. There he met Wealth and Vice clad in the garments of beauty, and steeped was his soul in their lure and enchantment. Many long months he spent living the life of the city; and he gloated much in his heart at the ease with which had come freedom. Now, one day it chanced he entered the workhouse of Wealth, saw Wealth hounded and hunted, chained to his own vast possessions, fighting the fight of the damned to save his own from destruction. From Wealth the youth turned to Beauty, and found her horribly weeping, for Time had marked her his own, and Vice had seared deep her loveliness. Then to the youth came the sickening realization that Wealth is a slave to its pelf, and Vice claims as its own the beauty that follows mere riches.

Far from the place the youth fled, and took up his dwelling amongst those who, it is said, possess freedom—the artists inhabiting Bohemia; Bohemia, the haven of refuge for all who tire of convention. But soon, to his amazement, he learned that even here was no real freedom. Each was chained to the rock of base self-gratification. All had become slaves to self and the call of their passing emotions. All were chasing the phantom and grasped only shadows.

In deep chagrin and terrible mortification, the youth rushed from Bohemia, and, angered by futile pursuing, flung himself far below into the Land of Apache and Robbery. Too late he found that those who break laws made by men lose themselves past all redemption in the maze of their own sinful living. Slaves are they to themselves and to the law they spend their lives in avoiding. Frightened by shadows they cringe in dark doorways and corners; fearful of light they wait for the night to release them. Then, crouching low, they do fearful deeds in the darkness—only to spend all their days in miserable fear and misgiving.

Discouraged, beaten and crime-smeared, a slave to the freedom he yearned for, the youth ended his life in a moment of self-degradation; and, lo, when the law-keepers found him, alone in a vile place of darkness, they searched in his raiment, and found there, swathed in folds of soiled linen, a fish, small, golden and lifeless; a symbol of freedom defeated.

—MARION QUINLAN.



The List

There's a little lady sitting just outside Miss Baker's door,
She's got a little list,
She's got a little list,
If you want to see Miss Baker any time from twelve to four
She'll put you on the list,
She'll put you on the list,
And then she says: "Just wait a while, I'm sure she'll see you soon,
And if there is no time to-day—tomorrow come at noon
In any case, just wait around, you see, you can't be missed
For I've got you on the list,
I've got you on the list."

You think your turn has come at last, you edge toward the door,
(For you're down upon the list,
You're down upon the list,)
But she says: "My dear, before you go there's half a dozen more—
But I've got you on the list
And I'm sure you won't be missed."
And so you stand and wait again, your nose against the glass,
And then you hear her gently say: "Miss Baker has a class,
Come back again to-morrow; to make sure you won't be missed—
I'll put you on the list,
I'll put you on the list."

So as long as there's an office, which Miss Baker occupies
There'll also be a list;
There'll also be a list;
And as long as there is someone for Miss Baker to advise
She'll be put upon the list,
She'll be put upon the list.
So, if in 1928, you're passing through the town,
Call Calumet 6279 and say: "Please put me down."
But paper's going up in price—and, oh! it will be missed
If there isn't any list,
If there isn't any list!

Our Country's Call

A Pageant

This National Pageant was first worked out at the Evanston Elementary School, and presented by the children from the kindergarten to the fourth grade inclusive. It has since been given by other schools with decided success, and is submitted here in the hope that it may attain a wider usefulness. It is very appropriate for a Red Cross Benefit.

The pageant described may be given with little preparation, either on the stage or out-of-doors. Children between the ages of four and ten may take part. Only four children in each group are necessary, but a larger number increases the effectiveness.

If the pageant takes place indoors, the stage should be decorated with fresh cut green boughs. Flags and bunting should not be used, as the colors are given in the costumes. A high-backed chair of forest green or golden oak may serve for the throne. It should be placed on a small raised platform at the back of the stage, in the center.

Columbia wears a white robe, made in Grecian style, with a golden girdle. She has a gold star on her forehead, and carries a great silk flag up on a gilded staff.

Soldiers wear boy-scout uniforms with red neckties. They carry toy guns.

Sailors wear white sailor suits and caps with navy blue collars. They carry heavy rope.

Nurses wear long white dresses, with Red Cross caps and aprons. They carry broad bands of red cloth or paper.

Farmers wear blue overalls, white waists and wide straw hats. They carry hoes.

Gardeners wear white middy blouses, red and white striped skirts, made long, and wide garden hats tied with red ribbon. They carry small market baskets.

Weavers wear navy blue skirts, cut long and narrow, with straps over the shoulders, white waists, and blue and white Dutch caps. They carry skeins of navy blue yarn.

Workmen should be chosen from the smallest boys. They wear blue overalls, white waists and blue caps with visors. Each carries a hammer and a block of wood.

Mothers should be chosen from the smallest girls. They wear red Mother Hubbard wrappers and white frilled caps ornamented with red bows. They carry dolls.

Characters

Columbia

Sailors	Soldiers
Farmers	Gardners
Weavers	Nurses
Workmen	Mothers

Columbia is seated on a throne at the back of the stage. She holds a large flag in her hand. She sings:

Columbia's Call

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Our col-ors are in dan-ger Up - on the land and sea; - Our ships are dai-ly sin king. We are no lon-ger free - Our bor-ders lie un-shel-tered From a-ny trea-cher-ous foe And what lies in the fu-ture No man can think or know."

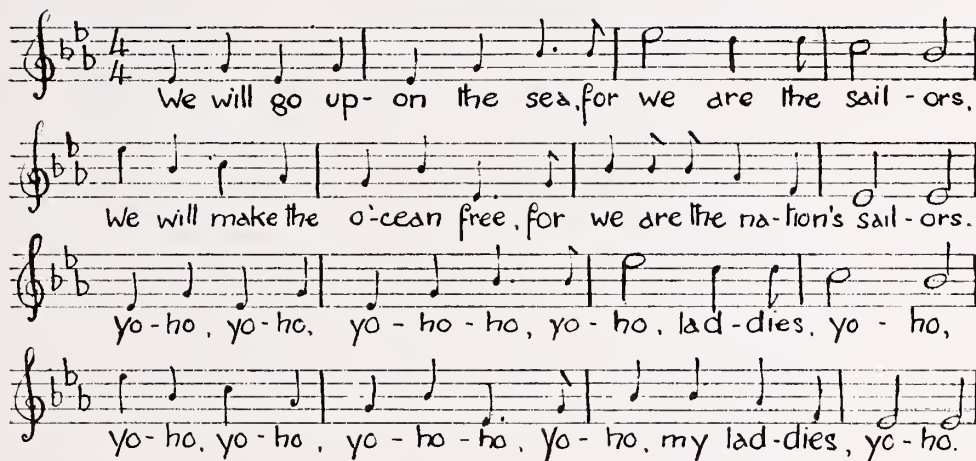
Our colors are in danger
Upon the land and sea,
Our ships are daily sinking,
We are no longer free.
Our borders lie unsheltered
From any treacherous foe;
And what lies in the future
No man can think or know.

The nations now are starving,
They cry to us for bread;
And here within our borders
The people must be fed.
Oh, will ye haste, ye freemen
Unto your country's aid?
Oh, rally 'round the colors,
Uphold the flag ye made!

A bugle call is heard in the distance. Sailors enter, carrying among them a heavy rope. They circle about the stage, singing:

We will go upon the sea, for we are the sailors,
We will make the ocean free, for we are the nation's sailors.

The Response



Refrain—Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho-ho, yo-ho, laddies, yo-ho!
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho-ho, yo-ho, my laddies, yo-ho!

During the refrain, which may be repeated indefinitely, they break into a skip. Finally they march away, repeating the words of the song:

We will go upon the sea, for we are the sailors,
We will make the ocean free, for we are the nation's sailors.

Soldiers enter with guns held erect. They march about the stage singing:

We will march upon the land, for we are the soldiers,
We will make the colors stand, for we are the nation's soldiers.

Refrain—Tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum,
Tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum.

During the refrain, which may be beaten by a drum rather than sung, the boys halt and give a brisk military drill with the guns. They march away, singing again:

We will march upon the land, for we are the soldiers,
We will make the colors stand, for we are the nation's soldiers.

Nurses enter in twos, each two girls carrying between them a broad band of red cloth. They march slowly, singing:

We will care for the sick and sad, for we are the nurses,
We will go with the soldier lad, for we are the Red Cross nurses.

Refrain—Tra-la, la-la, la-la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la,
Tra-la, la-la, la-la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la.

During the refrain, four girls form a cross with their red bands, and circle slowly, first to the right, and then to the left. They form in couples once more and march away, singing:

We will care for the sick and sad, for we are the nurses,
We will go with the soldier lad, for we are the Red Cross nurses.

Farmers enter, carrying hoes. They march in single file, singing:

We will plant the corn and wheat, for we are the farmers,
And there will be plenty to eat, for we are the nation's farmers.

Refrain—Ho-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho-ho, see the farmers hoeing,
Ho-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho-ho, oh, see the farmers hoeing.

They form in a row at the back of the stage, and at the beginning of the refrain, they advance to the front of the stage, with hoes extended, as if at work. With the words "See the farmers hoeing," they pause, and lift their hats to the audience. They then turn their backs to the audience, and advance towards the back of the stage, this time lifting their hats to Columbia. This exercise may be repeated several times before they march away to the words of their song:

We will plant the corn and wheat, for we are the farmers,
And there will be plenty to eat, for we are the nation's farmers.

Gardners enter with baskets. They march in a circle, singing:

We will raise potatoes and peas, for we are the gardeners,
We will send them over the seas, for we are the nation's gardeners.

Refrain—Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha-ha, see the garden growing!
Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha-ha, oh, see the garden growing!

At the beginning of the refrain, they break into a skip, and at the words "See the garden growing," they pause and stoop as if to gather vegetables. The exercise may be repeated several times, until they march away, singing:

We will raise potatoes and peas, for we are the gardeners,
We will send them over the seas, for we are the nation's gardeners.

Weavers enter in partners, the inner girl carrying a skein of yarn with ball attached. They march by twos, and sing:

We will knit and spin and sew, for we are the weavers,
Socks and scarfs and caps you know, for we are the nation's weavers.

Refrain—M-m, m-m, m-m-m, m-m, m-m, m-m,
M-m, m-m, m-m-m, m-m, m-m, m-m, m-m.

The partners halt in opposite columns, and at the beginning of the refrain, each girl who carries a skein, tosses the ball to her partner. The girl opposite catches the ball, and winds the yarn slowly upon the ball, humming. The yearen leads each girl back to her partner, and they march away in twos, singing:

We will knit and spin and sew, for we are the weavers,
Socks and scarfs and caps you know, for we are the nation's weavers.

Workmen enter carrying in the right hand a hammer, and in the left a block of wood. They sing:

We will build the fleets of the air, for we are the workmen,
Forts and guns and ships to spare, for we are the nation's workmen.

Refrain—Rap-tap, rap-tap, rap-tap-tap, oh, rap-tap, rap-tap,
Rap-tap, rap-tap, rap-tap-tap, oh, rap-a-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap.

During the refrain they halt in a straight row, facing the audience, and tap with the hammers upon the wood, keeping time to the music. They march away, repeating:

We will build the fleets of the air, for we are the workmen,
Forts and guns and ships to spare, for we are the nation's workmen.

Mothers enter carrying large dolls. They sing:

We will care for the young and old, for we are the mothers,
We will keep them safe in the fold, for we are the nation's mothers.

Refrain—Bye-lo, bye-lo, bye-lo-bye, oh, bye, baby, bye-lo,
Bye-lo, bye-lo, bye-lo-bye, oh, bye, dear baby, bye-lo.

The form a straight row, facing the audience, and during the refrain, they gently rock their dolls. They then march away, repeating:

We will care for the young and old, for we are the mothers,
We will keep them safe in the fold, for we are the nation's mothers.

All groups now march on the stage in single file, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." They form in four rows each side of the throne, facing the audience. Sailors, farmers, weavers and workmen should stand at Columbia's right; soldiers, gardeners, nurses and mothers should stand at the left. The color effect will be that of an American flag.

Columbia stands and waves the flag. All join in singing the following cheer to the tune of Columbia:

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Our flag and our country for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

The flag is now held towards the front of the stage. The sailors come forward and stand under the flag, while all sing one stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The soldiers come forward and group themselves under the flag, while they sing one stanza of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," beginning: "We will rally 'round the flag, boys."

The workmen stand under the flag during a stanza of "Yankee Doodle," beginning, "Father and I Went Down to Camp."

The farmers stand under the flag during a stanza of "Dixie," beginning: "I wish I was in de land ob cotton."

The gardeners stand under the flag during the singing of "My Old Kentucky Home."

The weavers stand under the flag during the singing of "The Old Folks at Home."

The mothers stand under the flag during one stanza of "Home, Sweet Home."

Finally, the nurses come forward, and four of them form the Red Cross in front of the flag, while all sing the first and last stanzas of "America." During the last stanza, all faces should be turned upward.

—EDNA DEAN BAKER.



Senior Class Curriculum

N. B. In the Senior Curriculum Course the girls were required to read Miss Harrison's book, "When Children Err," and to cite ten suggestions in regard to control, giving illustrations from their own kindergarten experiences where these suggestions had been adopted. The following are extracts from some of the themes:

"Miss Harrison shows us the danger of vague and varying standards. 'Of all errors in education, one of the worst is inconsistency.'

"We must remember that, once a standard has been set, it must be adhered to. Once in my kindergarten, after we had made a rule relating to the proper way of carrying our chairs, such an instance happened. We had been carrying them very well for about a week; then, one day, one of the smaller children carried his the wrong way. I had always been in the habit of sending them back and having them do it over again. However, this morning I was rather tired, and thought that it really did not make any difference, because no one had noticed it. I discovered, however, that many had seen him. I think that at least five other children picked up their chairs in the same fashion, and when they were spoken to, said: 'Andy was carrying his that way.'"

"I was much interested in the statement that 'true freedom comes only from voluntarily obeying the law of right.' Authority must, sometimes, determine a child's course of action; for, although he may be free in his own mind in doing what he wishes, he may not be truly free in his association with other children."

"A little boy, who had been with us only a few days, had shown himself quite self-assertive, often wanting to play with the blocks that another child was using. A few did not appeal to him, he wanted all the blocks; and, when he could not have them, he picked up one block and hit another child over the head with it. He was being free, he thought. He could not have his own way, and he was taking instinctive means of procuring it. I took him outside and talked to him, explaining the laws of rights, and endeavored to show him his place in the kindergarten community. All he would say was: 'I hate you', so I went back and left him in the hall. Soon he came into the room, and, coming up to me, said, 'I don't hate you.' I said that I was glad, and that, of course, we did not hate him either. We just felt sorry for him because he did not make himself do what was right. It was pitiful to hear him say: 'I don't know how to do right,' but I said we would all help him, if he tried. He asked the other child for some blocks, and played happily with them. That was three weeks ago, but this morning, the first thing he said to me was: 'You will help me to do right, won't you?'"

"'Plant right ideals of conduct in your child's heart before the wrong ideals have had time to grow.'

"We were going on the street-car to the park, and the children were looking forward to the event with a great deal of joy. I never had taken them anywhere before; there were a good many of them, and not many of us to take care of them. What could I do to make the trip as easy, pleasant, and free from danger, as possible? I decided that my help would have to come from the children themselves. Several days before the time for the trip, I told them we were going, and let them talk freely about it. Then, I said: 'But when we go to the park, there are certain things which we all must remember to do, or no one will have a good time. If we all remember to do these things, everyone will be happy. Can you tell me what some of the things are which we all must remember?' Some of the children thought of a few things, such as 'do what the teacher says,' 'stay in your seat,' etc. I agreed to these things, and then told them in detail, and as interestingly as possible, just what we were going to do, until they had a picture of themselves going to the park. We went over this con-

versation three or four times before the event, and, when the great day came, the conduct was all that could be desired."

" 'Universalize the deed.'

"Last week I went into a strange kindergarten, to take charge in the absence of the permanent director. During the free-play period a quarrel arose over the blocks. Bertrand had taken some blocks away from Doris, and appropriated them for his own building. When I spoke to him, he refused to come to me, and, when I started to him, he ran away. I saw a very undignified game of tag was likely to ensue, so lowered my voice and told him he must be still, and let me speak to him. I finally reached a corner with him safely, and told him I had come over to play with all the children for a few days, and hoped that we would have a very happy time. Then I said: 'Did you ask Doris if you might have some of her blocks?' He answered in the negative. 'Then,' I said, 'suppose some of those bigger boys should want some of your blocks and, without asking you anything about it, would come and take them away to build with. Then, suppose every child here should begin snatching blocks from every other child, do you think we would have a very happy time?' Without another word from me, he went straight to Doris, and gave her the blocks he had taken, and, in a few minutes, was building contentedly with two other children."

" 'Sending a misbehaving child into silent, self-communing is an excellent plan. . . . This gives the tempest-tossed young soul time to find itself, and to weigh its own conduct.'

"One morning, early in the year, one of my younger children acted in a cross, naughty way toward another child with apparently no cause, except her own turbulent feelings. Sending her out to our closed-in porch, I told her to stay by herself until she could come in and be happy with us. I soon forgot the child was there, until, during the circle, I happened to look toward the glass door, and there she stood, watching us with the brightest little smile on her face. When asked if she was ready to come in now, she nodded, and was as happy and sweet as could be all the rest of the morning. Her 'tempest-tossed young soul' had needed to find itself, and, baby though she was, the quiet and solitude had worked their magic."

"Miss Harrison says that a child's own experience can often help him—and states this law: 'The deed must return upon the head of the doer.'

"In our kindergarten there was a little boy who would tease the chickens when no one was watching him. I had spoken to him several times, and so had the other children, but to no avail; whenever our backs were turned, he would run down to the chicken-coop. One day an exasperated hen gave his finger a sharp peck, and, needless to say, he tormented the chickens no longer.

" . . . When I first started my work in kindergarten, I felt that the most important thing was to devise ways and means of disciplining children. The hardest problem seemed to me to make the children do what was right. Now I realize what a mistake that was. It all depends upon the teacher—if your work is interesting, and suited to the age of the child, you will have little or no trouble with discipline—that will take care of itself. Then the children will be so busy that unwholesome activities will have no chance to develop."



Finger Plays

Two roosters hopped on the barnyard gate,
And said "Cock-a-doodle-doo"!
The great big sun said, "Oh, you're late,
I was up long before you."

—SARAH SUNDINE

If both my hands were birds and flew,
Then I could not shake hands with you.
If both my feet were in one shoe,
I could not march as soldiers do.

—ELIZABETH DURBOROW

Out in the meadow, nice and green,
A big, tall toad-stool can be seen.
When the rain comes down, helter-skelter,
Five little bugs run under for shelter.

—MILDRED FREESE

This is mother's rolling-pin,
That rolls the dough so smooth and thin,
It helps to make the cookies sweet—
That all the children love to eat.

—IRENE MEHLBERG.

There's a hole in the floor, near the wall of our house—
That's the door to the home of a little, gray mouse.
To see who's around, he pops his head out.
If no one is seen, he scampers about.

Over here lives the kitty, so quiet and shy,
On little gray mousie, she's long had her eye.
She creeps, and she creeps, and she creeps up so light,
But gray mousie sees her, and whisks out of sight.

—JANET ORR



Five little acorns, hanging on a tree;
Along came the North Wind, and then there were three.

Three little acorns, glistening in the dew,
Up rambled Bushy-tail, and then there were two.

Two little acorns, in the branches swung,
The first tumbled off, and then there was one.

One little acorn couldn't have much fun,
So, along came Jack Frost, and then there was none.

—EDITH CHELLIS

The College as Related to the World of Music and Art

THE style I intend to adopt in replying to this toast may lead you to consider me rather conceited. If only that one word, "World," were not present, I should feel much more comfortable. I should like to give you the story of my own development, along the line of Music and Art, and really, compared with the World, I am almost of minor importance. But the debt of gratitude I owe the College urges me to give public expression, and I know of no more opportune occasion than this meeting of the Board. So I cast all my natural modesty aside, spurn the violet, and seize the sunflower as my emblem.

When I came in touch with the Chicago Kindergarten College many years ago, I had attained a certain proficiency in music, as a pianist. I had worked hard for several years, endeavoring to master the technic of my art. Of the great world of culture, outside my own profession, I knew little. I loved music, loved to play, listened to much music, but only in a dumb, instinctive way, knew anything of its message. In common with most musicians, I turned away from so-called interpretation, as it usually meant realistic representation of what could better be expressed through the medium of words.

As I remember now, the first revelation of the message of music came when I discussed a performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony with Miss Harrison and Mrs. Arnold, or Miss Carpenter, as she was then. Certain words of Beethoven regarding his own work: "Thus knocks Fate at the door," and, "I will take Fate by the jaws," attracted my attention. They had heard this symphony many times. Probably neither knew anything of the technical side, but they had received a message from a great soul, which became their possession and an inspiration to go on and conquer Fate, as Beethoven had done. This knowledge was, indeed, a revelation to me, and I began to question. Both Miss Harrison and Mrs. Arnold recognized the need. As they said, I was starved, and I cried out for help. Wise, from their own teaching of little children, they recognized that I too was very little, but eager, and they began to guide my steps.

I was introduced to the College, and found there an atmosphere charged with this spiritual interpretation of all avenues of human expression. Classes in Literature, Art, Philosophy, were in session, and Miss Harrison and Mrs. Crouse generously encouraged me to attend as many as possible. Literary schools were held, and the great men, known only to me as names, became real persons, as they came to this unique institution and participated in the Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare schools. I learned that even words required insight to reveal their true meaning. I had the unusual opportunity of attending these classes and later, talking them over, as I lived in the same house with Miss Harrison and Miss Carpenter.

Then Sculpture and Painting were taken up, and line and color were made to reveal their true meaning. I remember so well Mrs. Arnold saying: "The mission of Art is not to lull the senses, but to fire the soul with renewed endeavors toward a radiant and glorious ideal," and added what Goethe said: "Our ideals are God's realities."

Art is never individual, always revealing the ideals of a nation or an age. So I was led to study history, and entered Dr. Snider's classes in Herodotus. To my surprise, I found that history consisted of more than a long list of dates. Hegel said: "History is the record of man's progress into the consciousness of Freedom," and Mrs. Arnold added to this: "Art marks the stages of self-realization and images them."

Thus, I saw that underneath the entire curriculum of the College, and correlating all classes was the thought of this spiritual interpretation, all reflecting this same truth

of man's progress into the consciousness of Freedom. The artist is a specialist only so far as technic is concerned. The content of his Art must be universal, an embodiment or revelation of Truth.

So, by the most natural process, the application of spiritual interpretation was applied to my own art.

All the Arts are progressive steps in this revelation of man's progress; Sculpture, the expression of the Classic World; Painting, of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, and Music, of our own modern times. Through the study of the other arts, I was able to work out the Interpretation of the Divine as revealed through Nature and Man, in the World of Music.

Greater than all these was the earnest band of men and women who composed the Faculty of the College, who were trying to live these ideals, and even more to share them with the students. Service was the keynote, and Brotherhood the watchword.

So I was saved from being merely a musician, and inspired to reach out for a universal culture, and bring this to the Interpretation of Music.

(Speech: By Mr. Francis M. Arnold, before the
Governing Board, November, 1918.)



Likenesses and Differences in Children

THE most casual observer of little children could not fail to notice their tendency to imitate. It was truly said that "children are like sheep." They all follow the child with initiative. It is for the kindergartner to recognize this child, and rightly direct this gift of leadership. The embryo leader of men sometimes proves a source of danger in the free play of the kindergarten. If he decides to run wild, it is not long before pandemonium reigns, and the room is in an uproar. Finger plays and the games of "Follow the Leader" supply the demands of this instinct for the normal child.

Another universal trait of childhood is that of curiosity. All children are curious. Kipling's little rhyme:

"She keeps ten million serving-men,
Who get no rest at all!
She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs
From the second she opens her eyes—
One million Hows, two million Where's,
And seven million Whys!"

was written of every "person small."

One of the most beautiful traits in children that can so easily be ruthlessly destroyed by a careless "grown-up," is that of sympathy and tenderness for weaker and younger children. Little boys and girls alike are imbued with the deep maternal instinct. They handle the baby tenderly and gently, and are considerate of the littlest ones in the school. They are affectionately loving with the battered kindergarten doll, and are eager to learn how to be kind to pets.

But, on the other hand, children are cruelly curious and unkind, when deformity in any form is brought to their notice. Since they are the most natural and only perfectly sincere persons in the world, children instinctly stare frankly at a child who limps, or shrink from a little hunch-back. Every parent and teacher should make a fight for a revulsion of this feeling. They should plant a seed of compassion for unfortunates in each little garden-heart. No more beautiful flower could grow there.

Except for the big, instinctive likenesses in children, there are no two children alike. Every child is born with certain inherited and prenatal influences, that are developed as he grows older. Environment can mold him, to a great extent, but the subtle, indefinable essence of personality is a result of his inheritance, and he can no more change that than he can the color of his eyes.

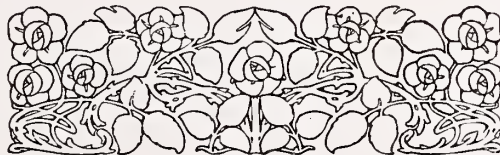
A physical deformity does much to color a child's life—it makes him force his standing with his fellows. For instance, at one of the settlements in Chicago, there was a little boy with the most exaggerated case of bow-legs I ever saw. His legs formed a perfect hoop, and the little fellow was forced to walk on the sides of his feet, in an indescribable, rolling fashion. He was a neglected child of rather cruel parents, and deep in his eyes lay the story of a sad and blighted childhood, filled with abuse and fear. He was a sensitive little soul, and seldom made any advances to the other children, but sat alone in the obscurest corner. Once, when he touched a little girl's hand in the circle game, she drew it away with such a gesture of repulsion and disgust that he shrank back from her in fright.

In the same kindergarten were two subnormal children, a boy and a girl. The boy's subnormality took a vicious turn, and he created a great deal of disturbance by running wildly about the circle and striking the children on the head. This was only at intervals. Sometimes he sat quietly, but with a crafty glint in his eyes, that made one heartsick with pity. The little girl had a bestial, sodden face, lighted by two fierce, green eyes. Her hair was shaggy and unkempt, and she had no control over her facial expression. When she struck back at a mischievous little boy, she mimicked his expressions, even when she was hurting him most cruelly. A kind kindergartner suggested that, probably, mal-nutrition was at the basis of Nellie's trouble.

The most charming child in the kindergarten, and there is always the most charming, was Eddie, a little fellow, with delicate features, and big, mischievous, hazel eyes. Eddie was always smiling and interested in everything. Because he loved his fellow-playmates so, and wanted their interest, he adopted the most unfortunate plan of striking at them. The friendly little face and naughty little hand were not at all in harmony. But the children felt only the sharp sting of the playful hand, and Eddie, much to his surprise, found himself a participant in many battles during the course of the morning.

For the most part, the children in the kindergarten were on the same basis socially, except one beautiful boy, with the fair face of a cherub, crowned with curly, blond hair. Every line of his body, from his little brown velvet Russian blouse, to his little, square-toed, brown shoes, bespoke a difference. He was the child of the public school nurse, delicately nurtured and happily born. All unconsciously, he was head and shoulders above the other children. But the great spirit of democracy, that fills every normal child, made him one with the rest, well-loved and loving.

—MARION QUINLAN



A Piece of Bread

Once, upon a time, there was a little boy, named Jack, who went home from kindergarten very hungry.

"Mother," he called, as he ran into the house, "I'm hungry; I want a piece of bread and butter and sugar, please."

Mother was sewing, but she left her work, and went out to the kitchen to get Jack something to eat. She opened the cupboard door and took out the sugar-bowl and set it on the table. She got the plate of butter, and a knife, and set them on the table. Then she went to the bread-box for some bread—but, when she got there, the bread-box was bare, just like the cupboard of old Mother Hubbard. There wasn't a crumb left.

"Oh, I forgot," said Mother. "We are out of bread. You will have to go to the baker's shop and buy a loaf of bread before you can have anything to eat."

So she gave Jack a bright, new dime, and away he ran to the baker's for a loaf of bread.

He found the baker dressed in his white cap and apron, looking very clean and neat.

"Baker, baker, I've come for bread,
So here's a bright, new dime," Jack said.

The baker laughed, and shook his head,
"The very last loaf I've sold," he said.

"But, go to the miller, and buy me some flour,
And I'll bake your bread in less than an hour."

So Jack ran away to the miller. He, too, was in a white cap and apron, and he looked very queer, for his clothes were all covered with fine, white flour-dust. He looked as if he had been out in a snow-storm.

Jack said:

"Miller, miller, sell me some flour,
So that the baker, in less than an hour,
Can bake me a loaf of fine, white bread,
For the very last loaf is sold," he said.

But the miller answered: "No flour have I;
I sold the last sack to the grocer near by,
But go to the farmer, and get me some wheat,
And soon you'll have all the bread you can eat."

So Jack ran off to the farmer. He found him in the barn, feeding his horses. He said:

"Farmer, farmer, some wheat please sell
To take to the miller, who'll grind it well,
And make white flour for the baker's bread,
For the very last loaf is sold, he said."

The farmer stopped working, and listened to Jack. Then he smiled, and said:

"I have bushels of wheat, all ready to sell;
I plowed and I planted; I 'tended it well;
I cut it, and threshed it, and put it away,
And I'm ready to sell it, whenever I may."

So the farmer harnessed his horses, Whitenose and Dobbin, to his big wagon. He loaded the wagon with sacks of wheat. Then he climbed away up high on the seat, and Jack climbed up beside him. Clip-clap, clip-clap, clip-clap went the horses' feet, as they rode to town; and there they stopped at the mill. They unloaded the wheat; the miller poured some of it into the mill, and started the machinery. The great wheels and belts, that had been standing so still, began to turn round; slowly at first, then faster, and faster, and faster, making such a noise that Jack could not hear what the farmer said when he spoke to him. And in less time than it takes to tell you, the fine white flour was flowing into the sacks.

The miller tied up one of the sacks and gave it to Jack. Jack took it to the baker. The baker started his fire and got out his bread board and pans, and soon he was mixing and stirring and kneading the dough; and, in less than an hour he had six fine loaves baked. Jack gave him the bright, new dime for one of them, and ran home with it to his mother.

"Here is the bread, mother," he called, as he ran in.

And his mother cut off a piece and spread it with butter and sprinkled sugar on it. And Jack sat on the kitchen doorstep and ate it.

—OLIVE ROBERTS

Senior Debates

"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They race, recite, and madden 'round the lead."

—Pope.

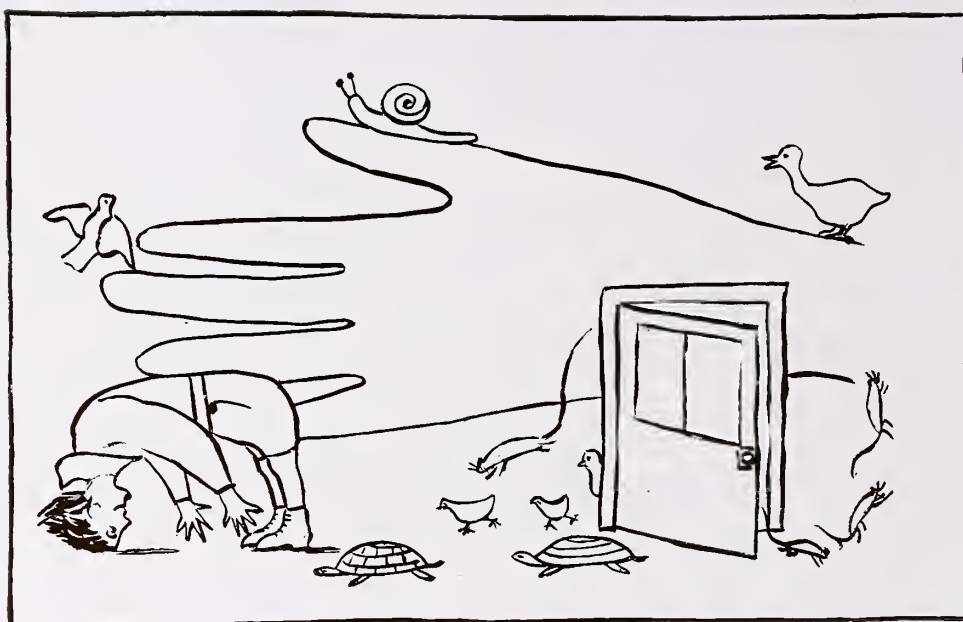
Ain't it a grand, glorious feelin',
When senior debates is done,
And someone had to speak twice,
And you happened to be that one?

And you've packed books home from the library,
Till you were almost run in for stealin';
But at last, you've learned 'em, and said 'em!
O, ain't it a glorious feelin'?

Perhaps you forgot your best points,
Or kept your eyes glued on the ceilin'.
What if you lost? They're over!
O, ain't it the grandest feelin'?

Did you hear htem words of Miss Baker's,
When she said she was proud of our speilin'?
And she looked like she meant it, too; didn't she?
Say! Ain't it a glorious feelin'?

—GENEVIEVE HUSTON.



The Spare Bedroom

MOTTO:

Surely there is naught obscure
In this little game;
You will quickly guess its meaning
From its little name.

Froebel quite forgot to tell us
This thing we must do:
If a guest we'd entertain,
Preparedness is our cue:

Explanation:

The position to be taken by the body in this game is clearly shown in the drawing. Both ends (head and feet) rest upon the floor, with at least twelve inches of the back elevated in the middle. Great care should be taken to keep the angles right, so as to more clearly resemble the intersection of walls and ceiling. The arms swing to and fro, forming the doors—one opening into the parlor, the other into the bath.

The baby is delighted to watch his mother or father play The Spare Bedroom, and when he is long enough to play it himself, his joy is positively pathetic. If left alone, he will maintain this position by the hour, happily swinging the doors open, shut, open, shut; but care must be taken by the mother or, on heatless days, by the father, that their little darling does not develop apoplexy instead of his muscles.

The source of the joy which the child derives from this play is the deep instinctive love for visitors in his home. Mother, cherish this love, for when your child goes to kindergarten, it is as visitors, and as visitors only, that he may come in contact with those creatures which are such a joy to every childish heart—toads, fishing-worms, mice and spiders.

The universal truth underlying this game relates to the necessity for preparation, prior to entertaining guests. The child cannot too early learn that when a guest is expected, his toys must be relegated to the basement, that he must suddenly remember to ask for the bread at the table instead of sliding to third base on his stomach after it, and reclining oozily in the butter-dish on his way back; that he must not mention the fact that this is the first time Mamma has ever used her Mexican drawnwork center-piece, or ask why everyone has two forks. The Spare Bedroom must be put in order; Mother can take the blankets from Father's bed to use on the guest-bed, if necessary. (I suggest that newspapers be given Father in their place—they are said to keep out the cold, and their rustling will keep Father from over-sleeping.) Big Sister's manicure-set and dresser scarf may be used also, but if she seems inclined to object, these articles may be quietly removed from her room while she is taking a bath—just before the guest's arrival. Even Baby can make his contribution, and Grandmother may stuff one of his little stockings for a pincushion. This will help put things on their right footing, and Baby's character will make rapid strides in the proper direction.

Sniderian Commentary

The accompanying play may seem at first glance of great simplicity, but careful study, attended by keen insight, will reveal its profound suggestive power. In the motto, for instance, we observe the three movements of the Psychosis. In the first stanza is simple, unconscious unity—the invisible is visible, the meaning and the name are one, the name being but the outer symbol of the inner meaning.

In the first line of the second stanza, however, we pass into the second stage—that of separation. "Froebel quite forgot"—it makes no difference what; the fact that he forgot anything startles us out of that pleasant stage of unconscious unity, and we are plunged into doubt, disappointment, despair—absolute separation!

How shall we move into the third and last stage of final re-union, and thus complete the three-fold movement? Ah, dear Reader, gaze upon the last two lines of the second stanza. The negative has negated itself, the missing link is restored. The psychosis is consummated, and we have reached the third and last stage.

Turning to the game itself, we will, for once, and for lack of space, content ourselves with observing that the outer corporeal activity is to be transformed into an inner soul-life. Since music internalizes outward movement, the voice should accompany the motion of the arms with melodious rhythmic tones, or Mother might turn on the victrola. Thus the mother plays with her infant, then returns to the guest-chamber, where manifold duties await her. The thoughtful observer will see in this return a true spiritual process.

Picture

The same theme will be treated with some variations in the picture. This has three divisions, distinctly marked off by the various animals running about. 1. In the upper part the eye rests upon the graceful posture of a child (notice that the artist has made him a boy, though he might just as well be a girl—we must always bear in mind the universal nature of the play) in the act of playing the little game of the Spare Bedroom. Who knows how soon the deep, underlying truth of this play may take root and grow in the childish heart! At present, however, we can safely assert that here we find a state of unconscious unity. 2. Now, let us look at the second part—an open door, presumably that of the guest-room. Notice that the door stands open, separate, no longer is it one with the wall. Undoubtedly, the guest has just left, or has not yet arrived, but in either case, we may observe the second stage of the Psychosis—that of separation. 3. We now see the most universal symbol of hospitality—the outstretched hand, which completes the picture, and also the three-fold movement of which it is the third and last stage. The outstretched hand in greeting indicates the arrival or return of the guest, and all are now united under one roof by the bonds of hospitality.

N stands for nothing with which to begin,
A for ability to make nothing win.
T stands for Tic Tac, and also for Time,
I for ideals towards which we all climb.
O is oration—quite short and sweet,
N is nerve needed to talk on your feet.
A is assignment—Miss Hemingway's kind,
L onger and longer, the end's hard to find.

K Mrs. Kohlsaat, the best in the town,
I call my number and she calls me down.
N ickels you need to buy apples at noon;
D is diploma—you get one in June.
E —education, its place you'll acknowledge,
R is the reason we all come to College.
G stands for "goupes," at Hubbard's you've met 'em,
A is appointments—don't ever forget 'em!
R is for rhythm; before you are through
T hemes on the subject will be wanted from you.
E stands for ego—of course you all know this!
N is negation—complete the Psychosis.

A all the books that are Denton J. Snider's,
N Nature study, with worms, mice and spiders.
D is for Dorm. (what good times we recall)
And also for Doll-Show we had in the Hall.

E is efficiency, we all of us need it;
L ee's Book on Play—oh, read it, girls, read it!
E for engagements which seem to be rife,
M is for Mother Play which helps us through life.
E is for energy—scarce in the Spring,
N is for noise—till we hear the bell ring (?)
T is for tea at the Dorm. Sunday night,
A is for Architecture—(much burning of light)
R is remembrance of each girl for her class,
Y for the years which so speedily pass.

C is the case where we buy our supplies,
O ccupation and Art Work—how money just flies!
L is for lunch, which we eat on the run,
L ight it must be if we'd beat up the Hun;
E is enthusiasm, known also as "pep"—
G irls at N. K. E. C. for this have a "rep."
E ndings have all things—this little rhyme too,
(And I'm glad for it wasn't so easy to do!)

Our Alma Mater

1. Ring out, O voices joy-ful-ly To - - praise our Al - ma Ma - - ter. How
 2. To thee we come, in thee we live, Our - - dear-est Al - ma Ma - - ter. Our

glad - ly do we sing to thee, Our dear-est Al - ma Ma - - ter. We
 high - est priv - i - lege to give To thee, our Al - ma Ma - - ter. May

praise thy stan - dards broad and free; Long may our flower an - - - - - lem - blem be. Of
 we thy daugh - ters ev - er share With lit - tle child - ren ev - ry - where. The

cour - age - - - - - ing and loy - al - ty To - - thee, our Al - ma Ma - - ter.
 joy that we have learned of thee, Our - - - - - glor - ious Al - ma Ma - - - - - ter

Words and Music by Freda Gardner

The Daily Blues

June 5, 1928

Heiress Almost Donates New Classroom

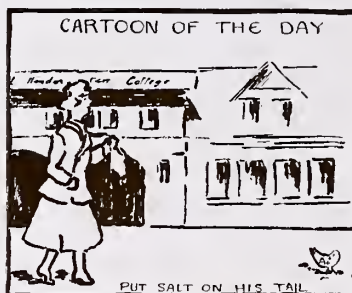
RUMORED ROMANCE CULMINATES IN PRESENT TO COLLEGE

It is said that the kindness of a certain member of the N. K. E. C. Faculty to a poor, lone soldier, during the great War, is about to reap its reward. It is rumored that this young man will shortly fall heir to a considerable sum of money, and we have good reason to believe that, in the case of this happening, he will make the said Faculty member residuary legatee of his estate. If there is enough left, N. K. E. C. may have a new Assembly Hall in the future.

APPARATUS ADDED TO KITCHEN GYMNASIUM

As we are all aware, the College gymnastic apparatus consists of a bar in the kitchen, installed by Dr. Hedger, in 1917, for straightening shoulders. To this has recently been added a large sheet of paper, upon which may be drawn the exact shape of the stockinged foot to aid in buying sensible shoes.

There's a certain young lady,
named Gracey,
And when she is right, she's a
daisy,
When she's after your dough
You dare not say: "No!"
And, Heaven help you if you're
lazy.



WOMAN OCCUPIES PULPIT

In the absence of her husband, Mrs. R. Thornton will preach on Sunday evening at the Auditorium. Her text will be: "Behold a wonder in Heaven—a woman."

A Warm Welcome to All.

AMUSEMENTS

TIPTOP — — All This Week
VIRGINIA ROLLWAGE

—in—

"The Passing of the Third
Floor Main"
Nights, 50c Mats., 49c

Don't Fail to Miss!
PROF. R. NOLD

—Presents—

JUANITA McGRUER

—in a—

PIANO RECITAL
April 1st Keep Away

PIANO RECITAL

—by—

GLADYS CAMPBELL
Entire Program of Wedding
Marches

CONGRESS STIRRED

The members of both houses were deeply stirred to-day as they met in joint session, to hear the Hon. G. Petit speak on the subject: "To what extent shall male franchise be limited?" As usual, Miss Petit's unquestionable logic and profound eloquence, accompanied by those impassioned gestures, in the mastery of which she has no equal, moved her audience to wild demonstrations of enthusiasm. Even the few remaining male members of the House of Representatives so far forgot themselves as to shout: "Down with the Baldheads and up with the Switches!"

CLUE LEADS TO DISCOVERY OF CRIME — DETECTIVE RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS

For days, Chief Detective Hedger has made no headway with the peculiarly puzzling case on which she has been indefatigably at work. The only clue so far discovered, until yesterday morning, was an irregular line of small heel marks, leading from 2944 Michigan Blvd., to a nearby kindergarten, whose exact location we are asked to suppress. At 8:25, on the morning of June 4th, Detective Hedger's search was brought to a successful climax, when the culprit was discovered in said kindergarten, with the goods on. The Secret Service—

(Cont'd. p. 2, 2nd Col.)

THE DAILY BLUES

Published Weekly; i. e., when
able.

Entered as Some "Class" Matter.

Editorial Staff:

Starter - - Frances M. Arnold
Center - - - - Freda Gardner
First Aid - - - - Mabel Kearns
Rush - - - - Grace Hemingway
Golly Hurtyu - Genevieve Huston
Snap and Pep - - - Leah Tipton
High Brow - - - Marion Quinlan

Chicago, Ill., June 4, 1928

The Daily Blues has an ideal—we may as well confess it. We wish to tell the truth, but it is difficult to express this ideal. As Golly Hurtyu would say: "I can't say it, but I can sing it." Here you would hear, in imagination a series of high ear-splitting tones, far above the "Staff." Every item of news in The Daily Blues will be as near the truth as is safe in a wicked world. Peruse the names and achievements of the members of our Staff.

Our Center, Miss Freda Gardner, always finds the center, from which point she radiates in all directions. Prior to assuming this position, Miss Gardner conducted a Shooting Gallery, where she hit the center every time. Anyone who wishes to complain of items in the paper will be handed over to her tender mercies.

Miss Mabel Kearns, who has taken charge of the Department of First Aid, needs no introduction to our readers. All who know her will testify as to her ability to keep refractory Freshies from skipping class, and also to lead the forgetful teacher to her lost lambs, who have been gambling in her absence.

Rush, our own Miss Hemingway, who has had a long and

(Cont'd, p. 3, 1st Col.)

CLUE LEADS TO CRIME

(Cont'd from p. 1)

The Secret Service heartily congratulate Detective Hedger on bringing the criminal to justice; and it is to be hoped that there will be an end to all further offenses of this nature.

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD

The annual discussion concerning a tennis court on the College lawn occurred to-day. The participants showed the result of long and steady coaching and practice, and were in fine trim. Interest on the part of the fans seemed to lag somewhat, however; perhaps this was due to the fore-knowledge of the final results.

ATHLETIC CLUB

The fortnightly putting-off of the Athletic Club occurred in Student Council yesterday. This Club was first suggested in 1918, and has been on the verge of materializing ever since.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—In the kitchen, while
hunting for a knife,—
A TEMPER

LOST—
A FRESHIE
Please return same to 2944
Michigan Blvd. A small reward will be offered.

FOUND—In Mrs. Jarvie's office,
AN IDEA
N. B. The finder would be glad if owner would remove same at first opportunity.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By L. G. J.

Dear L. G. J.:

I am thirty-one years old, but no older than I was ten years ago in my affections for a young dentist of my acquaintance. I love him very much, but it is like pulling teeth to get him to propose. The question is, does he love me? My ambition is to study music, but, although I am not a good housekeeper, I love him very much, and, if sufficiently urged, would be willing to give up my musical career. Will you please advise?

—MARY ETTE

Dear Miss Ette:

From your letter, I gather that you hold this young man in high esteem. May I suggest that you make yourself indispensable to his profession, in the saving of gas and chloroform, by playing quiet music behind the scenes for the enjoyment of the patients? I would suggest that you play "O, Dry Those Tears," with variations. I feel sure that, after six months' application of this treatment, he will ask you to stay at home and take care of his house, while he gathers together the remains of his practice.

There was a young lady named Carr,
Who always could tell you how far
The assignment extended
And often she ended
By giving you quite a bad jar.

EDITORIAL

(Cont'd from p. 2)

successful career in this Rush business, has taken charge of this Department. Her Rush is so contagious that her followers rush around like "roaring lyins," seeking what stories they may devour.

Mme. Golly Hurtyu, whose voice has long been heard in the land, will conduct the Department of Mews from the High C's. Before accepting this position Mme. Hurtyu was Official Train Announcer in the largest station in the world. Her voice carried everybody away.

We hear much about Snap and Pep these days, and, in starting this Department, we believe we are fulfilling a long-felt want. Miss Tipton will furnish these two necessities to our readers. Snappy Stories and Ideas full of Pep will bring an A-plus to every student who applies.

In regard to literature, we only need state that Miss Marion Quinlan, who writes under the nom de plume of High Brow, will aid all deserving students in Themes, etc. Send your MSS. to Miss Quinlan, and the result will astonish you, your friends, and even the Faculty.

**CHRISTMAS IS
COMING**

Do away with the worry
of Christmas shopping.

**TRY THE
EVER-READY CHRISTMAS
GIFT**

Given Away to all purchasers
a MEMORANDUM BOOK

Do you want Money? (We do)
— M O N E Y ! — Send seven stamps — quick.
Address: Daily Blues

P O S I N G M A D E E A S Y

If at first you don't look pretty, try, try again (at \$5 a try).
Our simple method brings surprising results.
Have your picture taken without the agony of posing. (To avoid delay, state name and address)

PROPRIETRESS, MELITTA RUBELL



Once my hair was
short and straight



Now it is long
and curly

Ask for
CURLITESY SHAMPOO
(Unless somebody asks you)

SOLD IN **B**OTTLE
BUCKETS
BATHS

Have you tried the

E-V-E-R-S-Q-U-I-R-T
Fountain Pen?

It changes the pattern of your
waist daily

No more INKY fingers—the
THUMBS get it

A USEFUL PRESENT
—with a horrible past

D. LEAKY & CO.

Trickle Lane

Blotbury

— (Stand on your head. It's easier) —
SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED THIS AROUND

U O L



"Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play, in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages."

—R. L. S.

Junior, to his mother: "What kind of soldiers did you say these were, Mother?"

Mother: "Russian soldiers."

Junior: "Where to are they rushin'?"

Morris, at the Christmas party: "Oh, Miss M——, you look so pretty to-day. You don't look like you belong to this kindergarten."

He was taken to a Symphony Concert, and, after, the first number, his mother said, "Isn't it beautiful?" "Yes, it is beautiful," he answered. After the third number, his mother, seeing his head droop, said, "Isn't it beautiful, son." "Yes, I guess it is, Mother, but it's too beautiful for me."

One child had been attending Sunday School regularly, and her teacher had told the class of how they might be "fishers," and bring their little friends to Sunday School with them. When the Director asked, one day, how a little friend of hers was, and if she went to kindergarten, Marzella said: "No, she doesn't, but she is going to, for I'm going to 'fish' her to Faulkner!"

Miss Georgene Faulkner was showing her niece some paper dolls, and Elizabeth Ann said: "What are their names?" Her aunt said: "'Betsy Ross,' the Ladies' Home Journal calls them." "No, you didn't tell me 'Betsy Ross' before, you said 'Betty Ross.' Betsy Ross, you know, made that flag, and now she lives on Fifty-third Street, and makes candy!"

Miss Mottz, in speaking of the farmyard, said: "There are big horses, and there are also small horses, and these small horses they call baby horses." A wee voice was heard— "Miss Mottz, sometimes they tall 'em tolts!"

A Junior student paused before the big iron gates of N. K. E. C. with Mary Joinsky, aged five, about to be entertained at the annual children's party. "Why-ee!" said Mary, eyes full of wonder, "Is this a cemetery?"

Miss Meseroll had generously given a small mission boy some suspenders, to assist in holding up his rather uncertain trousers. When she came to visit, he was informed that she was the donor, and, after much prompting from the other children, as to the polite course to pursue, he sidled up to her and mumbled: "Thanks for the corsets!"

After telling a story to some primary children one day, the Director told them about the author, Miss Harrison. She spoke of how busy she was, and yet she found

time to write many stories, just like this one that the children would love. One little boy spoke up quickly, with: "Oh, yes, I know Miss Harrison. She wrote the Bible."

A cat came to live in Jack's house for the first time. He watched it with a great deal of interest, as it curled itself up on the mat and went to sleep. Presently he came running upstairs. "Quick, mother, quick!" he shouted, "the cat's beginning to boil!"

A little boy had been sent to the grocery to get some eggs. His mother, who was looking out of the window for him, saw something mysteriously trickling from the bottom of the bag. "Son," she asked, as he came in, "did you break any of the eggs?" "N-n-o, mother," he answered, "b-but the shells began to come off of some of them."

On the day before George Washington's birthday, the Director told the children all she knew about the Father of His Country. The next day the event was celebrated by a party, and the mothers of the children were invited. "Now, children," said the Director, "who can tell us something about George Washington—who was he?" After a long pause, Julius said, in a hushed whisper, "God!"

Just before Christmas one of the students took a little boy down town on the elevated. He asked if he could hold her muff. After stroking it quietly for a few minutes, he remarked in a voice which could be heard from one end of the car to the other: "We had a cat that looked like this once," significant pause—"it died!"

George: "It's Washin'ton's birthday to-morrow, not Lincoln's."

Mary: "Aw, I know, but we've got Abraham hangin' in the window yet."

A young soldier was present in Sunday School, and the Superintendent asked him to come up to the front and say a few words to the children. Though very much confused, he responded nobly to the occasion. "Now, boys and girls," he began, "suppose that instead of me, President Wilson had been in this Sunday School this morning—what do you think would be the first thing he would say to you?" Suddenly a voice from the back was heard: "Who'd yer vote for?"

Billy: "That teacher out in the hall said I could play 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' some morning on the piano."

Primary Teacher: "Which teacher was that, Billy?"

Billy: "I don't know her name."

Primary Teacher: "Was is Miss McLaughlin?"

Billy: "I don't know, but it's the one with the kind of orange hair."

"God's very far away, Miss Williams, and yet He can see everything we do, can't He?"

"Yes, dear, He can."

After a pause—"So is Mr. Hoover."

A little girl came home from kindergarten one day, and told her mother that the teacher said she would throw her in the furnace if she came late again. The mother, in a great state of excitement, went over to the school to see the teacher. When the matter was explained, the teacher said: "O, but I told her that if her attendance continued to be so irregular, I should have to drop her from the register."

The following two stories were made up on the same day by two children in Miss Baker's Kindergarten:

THE TEENY WEENY STORY

Once, upon a time, there was a teeny weeny woman, and she lived in a teeny weeny house. One day she put on her teeny weeny bonnet, and her teeny weeny shawl, and started out to take a teeny weeny walk. At last she came to a teeny weeny graveyard, and there she found a teeny weeny bone. The teeny weeny woman took home this teeny weeny bone, and put it in a teeny weeny kettle, and made some soup out of it. After she had eaten her soup, she went to sleep in her teeny weeny bed.

That night something came into her room and said: "Give me my bone." The teeny weeny woman woke up, and she was a teeny weeny bit frightened, but she didn't

see anything, so she went back to sleep. Presently she heard a voice say again: "Give me my bone." This time she was a teeny weeny bit more frightened, but, pretty soon, she went back to sleep. Again she heard a voice say: "Give me my bone." This time the teeny weeny woman was so frightened she said: "Well, then, take it!"

THE BOY AND THE CHICKEN

Once upon a time, a boy went out in the woods and stole a chicken. He brought it home, cooked it for his supper, and ate it. After that he went to bed, and he hadn't been there long when something came into his room, and said: "Give me my chicken." The little boy was frightened, but, pretty soon, he went back to sleep. After a while, the voice came again, and said: "Give me my chicken." This time the boy was more frightened, but he went back to sleep. Then the voice came again, and said: "Give me my chicken." But the little boy said: "Well, you can't have him, 'cause he's in my stomach!"

The following contribution comes to us from Miss Winter's School, in Urbana, and was composed by Jack, age eight, and Clinton, age 6:

Down comes the snow,
The oxen do low,
The wind howls around,
But we're snug and sound.

The birds fly away
For six months and a day;
The squirrel's in his tree.
O, happy is he!

The following is a contribution from a little child in Miss Baker's kindergarten:

"If wonderland was so
I'd be sure to go."

In the same kindergarten the children had read to them the poem by Rossetti:

"What is Pink?
The rose is pink,
By the river's brink,"

and a child added the following:

"What is brown?
The barley's brown,
When the wind blows it down."

A little boy in the third grade was very fond of dramatizing incidents and stories he read. One evening, the boy and his father were sitting in the same room, reading. Suddenly, the boy got up from his chair, and, holding the book in one hand, he walked over to the hearth-rug, and solemnly drew, with his finger, two diagonal lines. Having found the center, he spat upon it and, standing on the place, slowly turned himself around. "Why, son," said the astonished father, "whatever are you doing." "I'm doing what the book says," was the answer. "What does the book say?" asked the father. "It says, 'the fire was burning on the hearth, and the kid was turning on the spit.'"

A mother, who sent her little girl to kindergarten for the first time, said, "Now, Alice, you are going to kindergarten, and you must be very careful with whom you play. You must choose your playmates, and not play with just anyone."

A few days later, Alice was playing with her doll, and her mother heard her say: "Now, Elizabeth, you are going to a dance to-night, and you must be very careful with whom you dance. You must choose the people with whom you wish to dance. You must not dance with any one except Marshall Field or Jesus Christ."



The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
 New jokes are hard to find.
 A whole new editorial staff
 Can't tickle every mind;
 So, if you meet some ancient joke,
 Decked out in modern guise;
 Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
 Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Freshman in Gift: "Why do they call these plinths?"

Evaline Ray: "Does anyone know?"

Silence.

Evaline Ray: "Perhaps you could look it up in the dictionary for next time."

Miss McElroy: "Some people grow up and never learn to sing; they are monotonous all their lives."

Lulu: "Well, I used to know a young man who couldn't eat an egg!"

The price of coal is going up.
 Conclusion—Fuel buy it.

WHY THE FACULTY NEED A VACATION

Extract from theme in Hist. of Ed.:

"Technical education provides for a vacation."

(Dr. Monin said he wished he had had a technical education.)

From another Hist. of Ed. paper:

"The prominent Roman writers were Seneca, Cicero, Quintilian, Denton J. Snider, Marcus Aurelius."

Extract from theme on Music in the Kg.:

"By means of music the children can hear some of the animals of the forest, which, otherwise, are unknown to them;

consequently, they become acquainted with things which are all over the Universe, and their education is much broader and better."

From Child-Study notes:

"Hygiene teaches us to recognize the various diseases which the child may bring into Kg."

From Freshman themes:

"By carefully observing a child, you can get acquainted with his style of art, architecture, and desires."

"Constant refreshment is not advisable."

"Dr. Montiss Ora has carried out this ideal suggested by Froebel."

WHY THE STUDENTS NEED A VACATION

Miss Mount, in Folk-Dancing:

"Girls! I don't want to see any crooked arms on the floor—and soften the back leg."

"Start, and take hold of your partner's hand with your left foot."

Miss Hemingway: "Why are you so late, girls?"

Ev.: "We had to wait so long for a local, and then, when it did come, the conductor shut the door in our faces."

Miss Hemingway: "Well, that's too bad. Locals come seldom enough, without having your faces shut in the door."

Miss Heinig, in Occupation:

"Miss Porter, your legs are too thin."

Miss Hemingway, in Stories:

"There **must** be a hero, girls. He may be a knight, or he may be a cow, but there must be a hero in every story."

Miss Farrar, in Games:

"Will those girls who have their hands up remember who they are till next time?"

IN ONE MINUTE

YOU CAN knit a row.

Drop a stitch.

Forget number.

Miss a car.

Catch a car.

Catch a cold.

Be late for breakfast.

Eat a "goupe."

Say something clever.

Lose your turn to recite.

Make a bad impression.

Describe your lover (?).

Get a case.

Start an exam.

See your finish.

Sing a nursery rhyme.

Giggle.

Faint.

Cut.

Lose your temper.

Will Free Will.

Make a hit.

Get dressed for breakfast.

Get called before Student Government.

Blush.

Make a date.

Get an idea.

Get fussed.

Step on partner's foot.

Make something clever in Occupation.

Smile at Dr. Monin.

Have a talk with Mrs. Jarvie!

Receive your diploma.

Buy a psychology.

Forget to take it to class.

Join the Alumnae.

Pay your library fines.

Buy a Thrift Stamp.

Fall in love.

Fall out.

Develop the stage of separation.

Admire a soldier or a sailor.

See a joke.

Learn a song from Mrs. Kohlsaas.

Call a Captain a Lieutenant.

Cause a sensation.

Look stupid in class.

Learn a new slang phrase.

Forget your speech.

Save your director ten steps.

Stumble over your own feet.

Yawn.

Make a million good resolutions.

Break them.

Use your head.

Lose your head.

AMONG US MORTALS

(Overheard in the street-car)

"I wouldn't be a teacher, not nohow I wouldn't!"

"Nor wouldn't I, Mrs. Smith, though, of course, them as teaches the bigger ones, they gets good pay; but those as teaches the little 'uns in them kindergartens, I wouldn't take their job, not fer worlds. Look at my Willie—he's a terror when he's home playing by hisself, and what he's like when he's with other children—" significant pause, followed by sympathetic grunt from Mrs. Smith.

"Well, I don't know how the teacher keep's 'em quiet in school, not so as they can teach 'em anyhing like—"

"Well, I know, Mrs. Smith, because I went one day early, to get my Willie, and they was marchin' 'em, just marchin' 'em!"

"Well, I guess they have to do something with 'em—but, as I say, I wouldn't have their job—though, of course, they're awful cute.

"Conductor calls Thirtieth Street. Exit eavesdropper.

Voice at the 'phone: "May I speak to Miss M—?"

Della: "What is your name, please?"

Young man: "Grrrr-r-r—"

Della: "Spell it!"

Young man: "I can't spell it in the day-time, I learned to spell it at night-school."

Margaret: "Have you ever seen a Rip Van Winkle rug?"

Dorothy: "No, what is it?"

Margaret: "One with a long nap."

Senior: "Snider said that!"

Freshman: "Who is Snider?" (On second thought) "O, I know! He's the pork and beans man!"

F. G.: "Awfully sorry, I can't come to Class Meeting to-day, Glad, I've got a date."

G. P.: "Well, eat it, and come anyway!"

Found in the Joke Box



FRESHMAN CLASS GRADUATION EXERCISES

Colors: Green and green

Class Flour: "Gold Medal"

Class Motto: "A rolling pin gathers the dough"

Valley Dick Terry.....Rufus Eddy

Sall Lou Tatery.....Mary Ann Quinlan

Thee Sis.....Emily Jenks

Klas Pome.....Mary Et Men in the Hall

Clazz Profacy.....Marguerete Ditch

Presentation Of Diplomas By Prezident of Skule Bored

Musick By Skule Orchestry
"Simpathie in A Flatt"

Direckter.....Prof. Arnold R. S. V. P.

Base Drum.....Helen Carry Her

Hambone.....Bobbie Du Noise

Vile Inn.....Mary Slate

Tu Bad.....Snookus Hinig

TIT BITS FROM SOUTH HOUSE

A. W. (Thinking Marion was returning from the bath): Hello, cleany! I!"

Enter Miss Hill.

Place: Hall, third floor, South.

Time: Any time.

Figure, in negligee, with distressed look on face—balancing precariously over banister, yells out, in penetrating tones:

"Water on third!!!!"

THE EIGHT MAIDENS

There were eight maidens, wondrous fair,
Who sauntered up that creaking stair,
Two knew full well their DRY domain,
And six declared they'd not remain.

But long before a month had passed
Those eight the other floors outclassed.
Of all the eats you ever saw,
They surely had them on that floor.

Boxes big, and boxes full,
Showed they surely had a pull.
The fame of those great boxes spread,
Till four more to that floor were led.

Those eight came home from dinner one
night,
To find the house in an awful plight.
You could hear our Mary's murmur there,
Which made poor Ada tear her hair.

LOST—in Dining Room: One square meal.
FOUND: Third Floor South.

Anybody wishing to obtain instruction in sock-knitting, or rent a curling-iron,
apply to Third Floor South, Room 10.

Valuables to be willed to Third Floor South for 1919:

But the dear, little darling continued to
sleep,
Altho' Dr. Wells stuck pins in her feet;
And Dot's old cock continued to crow
Tho' Eric attempted to take it below.

Among these eight, there numbered one,
Etha, whose job was not much fun;
Ruthie, too, was almost floored,
By keeping notes for the Student Board.

"Aunt Hat" was the busiest one of all,
For every girl she had to call.
Marion had a faithful c-c-c-cousin,
And Gertrude had at least a dozen.

The Third Floor South! May, it's fame
increase—
It's joy and friendship never cease,
And these eight girls, that here we name
Will all go down in this Book of Fame.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Editor:

Can you give me any information in regard to the following quotation: "Thirty
men at the bottom of the sea?"

—G. H.

Ask Evaline Ray; she put them there.

Dear Editor:

Why did Willmina Townes stop serving cocoa?

—STARVING STUDENT

Because one customer gained three pounds, and Willmina refused to take further
responsibility.

Dear Editor:

Should one refer to one's opponent as "bones and skin" in a debate?

—ORATOR

Certainly not! Courtesy is one of the essential qualifications of a good debater.

Dear Editor:

What became of the cats that lost a home in the Junior play?

—INQUISITIVE

Perhaps they joined the throng at Hubbard's.

Dear Editor:

How can we learn to speak on our feet?

—SUFFERING SIXTEEN

By the new system, just patented by Baker, Hemingway & Co., you are guaran-
teed to be able to say all you know about them in 500 words.

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